

FEBRUARY 1950

# Nation's BUSINESS







# Speeding business through electronics...

The IBM machines illustrated use electronic principles. Clockwise from the top, they are: Electric Time System, with Electronic Self-regulation; Alphabetical Collator; Statistical Machine; Card-programmed Calculator, including Calculating Punch; Punched Card Sorter.

For descriptive literature, write to Dept. V.

Through IBM research and development, the remarkable abilities of electron tubes have been put to work in business machines.

Electron tubes—fast, versatile, accurate—are used in the IBM Machines pictured here to calculate at extraordinary speeds, to “remember” the answers to intricate computations, to follow long series of instructions, to control the flow of electricity with amazing precision.

IBM Electronic Business Machines are cutting the time between questions and answers—helping science and industry produce more good things for more people.

**IBM**

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION  
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# Owners Tell Our Story Best



## "We're Completely Sold on GMC Dependability"

"We have just put our fourth GMC into service, having decided to standardize on GMC trucks because of their over-all superiority," asserts R. H. Robinson, General Manager of the Tri-State Brick & Tile Company, Jackson, Mississippi. "We put these trucks to a daily test and they pass with flying colors. Each truck averages 2,000 miles per month over all kinds of roads and through the rough, muddy areas surrounding new building sites . . . and we have delivered as many as 22,500 brick in one day with one GMC."

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

**GMC**  
GASOLINE • DIESEL  
**TRUCKS**

There is no better testimony of truck worth than the voluntary statement of a satisfied owner. Truck-built from front bumper to rear axle, GMCs earn that praise . . . with power generated by efficient, valve-in-head gasoline engines or famed GM 2-cycle Diesel models . . . with stamina based on strong, sturdy chassis with deep, durable frames . . . with com-

fort provided by big, "king-sized" cabs . . . with a wide range of equipment options giving them the ability to exactly meet the requirements of specific hauling jobs.

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

**MORE LOADS, MORE MILES, AT LESS COST!**



# AN OPEN LETTER To American Industry

## CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY

JACKSON • MICHIGAN

*Gentlemen:*

January 1950.

Competition will be keener than ever in 1950. You owe it to yourself to re-examine every phase of your business. Are you doing everything possible to improve your competitive position?

One of the most important questions you can ask yourself is this: "Are we sure that our main plant, branch plants and warehouses are in the most advantageous locations?"

If the answer is no, you may be carrying a dangerous handicap. Your competitors may be enjoying important advantages with respect to labor supply, markets, transportation or availability of materials.

Michigan has many attractive features for industry. That's why it ranks as one of America's leading industrial areas. Are you familiar with the characteristics that have made Michigan outstanding as a location for industry?

In cooperation with the Michigan Department of Economic Development, Consumers Power Company\* plans to publish a series of advertisements in national publications setting forth some of the reasons why the cities of outstate Michigan are attractive to so many types of industry. You will find these advertisements in such publications as Time, Nation's Business, Wall Street Journal, New York Times and Chicago Journal of Commerce. They will tell you some of the reasons why Michigan is one of the very best states in which to work, live and establish a factory.

We invite you to read these advertisements and, if you are interested in further information, write or telephone to our Industrial Development Department. It will be delighted to help you obtain all the facts.

Cordially yours,

*Justin R. Whiting*

PRESIDENT

\*Supplying electric and/or gas service in 1,284 cities, villages and townships in the Heart of Michigan.



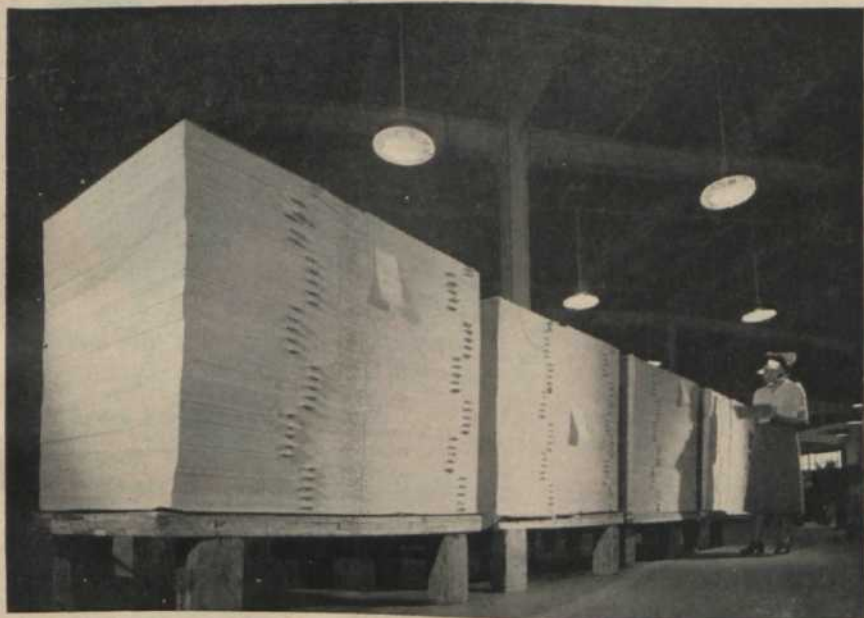
Well said, Justin Whiting! Michigan has the sites and the manpower and everything else that industry wants. We invite every industry that is seeking a plant location to investigate the possibilities offered by Michigan, America's most diversified state—and one of its busiest and most prosperous.

*G. Mennen Williams*  
Governor of Michigan



Now—Kimberly-Clark brings you

# Premium Papers at Standard Prices!



SHEET STACKS OF 1950 LEVELCOAT READY FOR TRIMMING . . . THEN TO AMERICA'S PRESSES

Now you can make every impression a far better impression—without an increase in printing cost! For Kimberly-Clark's four new fully-coated Levelcoat\* papers with new fiber, new formula, give you premium quality press performance and reproduction—at the cost of ordinary paper!

You'll see new whiteness and brightness, feel new smoothness, in all four 1950 Levelcoat papers. In make-ready, on the press, you'll dis-

cover new speed and dependability. Finally, in comparing reproduction with that of any other paper, at any price, you'll agree there's a striking new difference in the quality of printing achieved with 1950 Levelcoat.

So regardless of your paper requirements—for long runs or short runs, for broadsides, magazines or house organs—look to Levelcoat for printability at its *best*. Yours—at the cost of ordinary paper.

**New HIFECT\*** Made with strong sulphate-cooked fibers. Permanence, foldability, dimensional stability make Hifect ideal for covers or any fine letterpress printing.

**New LITHOFACT\*** For finest offset printing, Lithofect provides a moisture- and pick-resistant coating with a strong base sheet. Renders colors without loss of density.

**New TRUFECT\*** Whiter, smoother, folds even better than before. Trufect, for letterpress, offers faster ink setting time, greater press dependability, finer reproduction.

**New MULTIFECT\*** An economy sheet for volume printing. With the new LongLac fibers, Multifect has added strength, better foldability, greater uniformity.



Ever take a 3 hour bath? The pulp in 1950 Levelcoat does—and gets bleached snow-white in the process. And the new, superior LongLac sulphate fibers—a special pulp ingredient—result in new body strength, new resilience, never-before whiteness in all four new papers.



Round and round she goes . . . and each roll is adjusted for correct tension to protect the mirror-smooth paper surface. For in 1950 Levelcoat, the new coating formulation assures uniform ink reception, equal pick resistance, brilliant colors of maximum tonal density.



It's on the nose! Sensitive scales constantly check each lot of paper for moisture content. In all, 79 similar checks from tree to press are used to control the quality of 1950 Levelcoat—and assure the press performance and reproduction of *higher-priced paper*.

## KIMBERLY-CLARK

CORPORATION

NEENAH, WISCONSIN



\*TRADEMARK





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*Business Engineering*

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SAN FRANCISCO 2



# Nation's Business



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NATION'S BUSINESS for February, 1950

HOW YOU CAN COMPOSE TYPE IN YOUR OWN OFFICE

Think of the savings in time and money, as well as the convenience of having your own office typewriter compose the type for all your printing requirements—right at your desk. Imagine a typewriter-size writing machine with a standard keyboard that gives you true typographic line with variety of sizes, line spacing, line length, line position, automatic margin margins, in fact, does everything to give your catalogues, charts, forms, booklets, etc., a real print-shop appearance... only Vari-Typer can do it.

TYPE LINES ARE INSTANTLY CHANGEABLE. For lines can be set at one inch and changed to one and a half inches without moving a hand. Line length can be changed at will and lines can be made to start at various points on the line. Line position can be changed at will. Line spacing can be changed at will. Line length can be changed at will. Line position can be changed at will. Line spacing can be changed at will.

THE VARI-TYPER COMPOSES THE TYPE FOR YOU. It is so easy that the great of business men and women can use it. It is a machine that can be used in your office, home, or wherever you want it. It is a machine that can be used in your office, home, or wherever you want it. It is a machine that can be used in your office, home, or wherever you want it.

## REAL PRINTER'S TYPE

right in your own office  
 AND YOU SAVE MANY DOLLARS  
 IN TYPE-SETTING COSTS

Now you can prepare your own originals for printing by photo-offset or any other economical reproduction method. The result is pleasing legible type-matter with even margins and correct spacings....a type composition job any print shop would be proud of. Your typist does it....and your savings multiply with each job...from an office form to a catalog.

HUNDREDS OF INSTANTLY  
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The professional appearance of Vari-Typing is the natural result of a wide choice of styles...Bodoni, Garamond, etc...with matching italics and in all sizes. Foreign languages, too!

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for strength, beauty, durability, fire-safety and **low-annual-cost** service for stores, apartments, schools, hospitals, factories and public buildings.



## Choose CONCRETE

for a distinctive home of any style or size. All factors considered—price, upkeep, long life—it costs less to own; is comfortable the year around.



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for paving streets and highways. It is smooth-riding and safer and lasts longer. It's **low-annual-cost** pavement that stretches your tax dollars.



## Choose CONCRETE

for farm buildings and improvements. It is firesafe, ratproof, decay-proof, stormproof. It helps farmers save feed and labor and increase production.



## PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

# ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

UNTIL he was 19 years old **SIDNEY SHALETT** was well on his way to becoming a musician. However, the



depression and the death of his father in the early '30's forced him into other fields—clerking, at first, then journalism. After talking his way into a reporter's berth on the *Chattanooga*

*Times*, he learned the ropes quickly and in a few years found himself working for the *New York Times*. By 1942 he was experienced enough to be assigned to the *Times'* Washington Bureau where he was given the Senate beat. The next year he covered the War and Navy Departments.

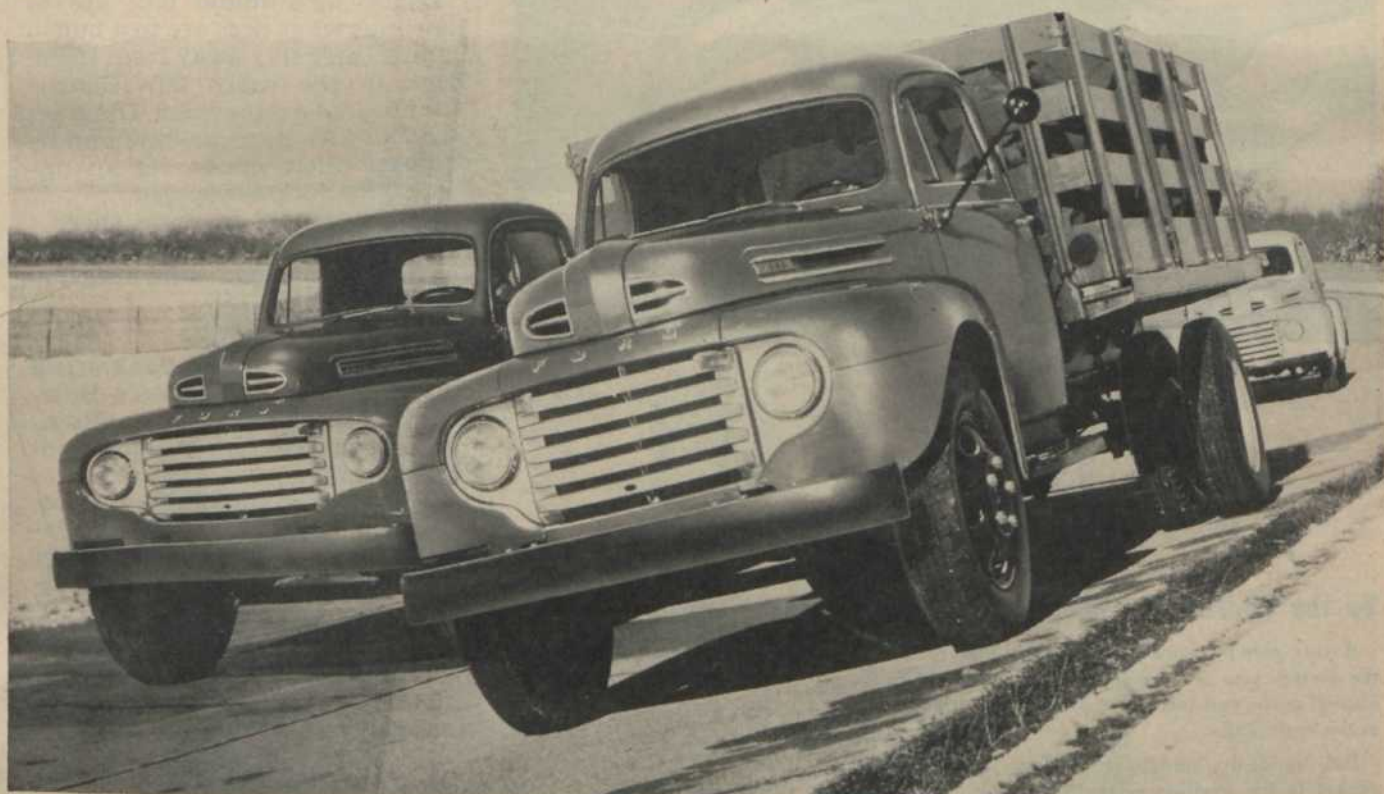
Shalett left the *Times* in 1947 to become Washington correspondent for the *American Magazine*, quitting that position a year later to do articles in a broader field for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan* and now *NATION'S BUSINESS*.

His article on the RFC, he says, drove home for him more than anything in months the importance of a good newspaper background for a magazine article writer. To produce it he had to scan literally thousands of pages of congressional hearings and reports, in addition to the marathon interviews in which he found himself involved. Shalett even hired a researcher to help him meet his early deadline. The man who was to digest some of the reports called a few nights later with the whole three-foot stack of material. "This stuff is driving me nuts," he said with considerable agitation. "I read it for an hour, then have to go around the block to get my brain clear. It'll take me until June to do this for you." So Shalett did his own reading.

WHEN we asked **CHARLES RAWLINGS** how he'd like to take a boat ride for us, we had a hunch what



# 21 Smart ideas\* for 1950!



(L to R) Ford 145-h.p. Model F-7, Model F-5 and Model F-1 passing tough tests at the Ford test track.

## America's No.1 Truck Value!

Only Ford gives you a choice of V-8 or Six  
in a full line of over 175 truck models!

Ford Trucks for 1950 give you new models, new power, new Bonus Built features... 21 smart ideas in all. *New models* like the F-3 Parcel Delivery. *New power* like that of the new 110-h.p. Six. *New features* like

air brakes available on Model F-8. You'll find all these smart ideas in America's No.1 Truck Value for 1950, plus Bonus Built construction which means big reserves of strength and power. See your Ford Dealer today!

**21 Smart ideas** ★ New 110-h.p. 6-cylinder engine ★ New Parcel Delivery models ★ New air brakes available on the F-8 ★ New wheelbases: 176-in. for F-5 and F-6; 147-in. and 178-in. on Big Jobs ★ New 15-in. by 5-in. rear brakes for the F-7 ★ New 4-speed Synchro-Silent transmission with 110-h.p. engine ★ New single-speed rear axle for F-8 ★ New, extra-heavy duty clutch with 110-h.p. Six ★ Million Dollar Cab ★ Level Action cab mounting ★ Air Wing door glass ventilators ★ New Double Channel frame for Big Jobs ★ Gyro-Grip Clutches ★ New single-speed axle for F-6 ★ Roll Action Steering ★ New, extra-heavy drive line with 110-h.p. Six ★ Quadrax rear axles ★ 4 engines—choice of V-8 or Six ★ New heavy duty 3-speed Synchro-Silent transmission available for F-1, F-2, F-3 ★ Choice of over 175 models ★ Bonus Built construction, which means big reserves of strength and power.

**Ford Trucks Cost Less Because—**

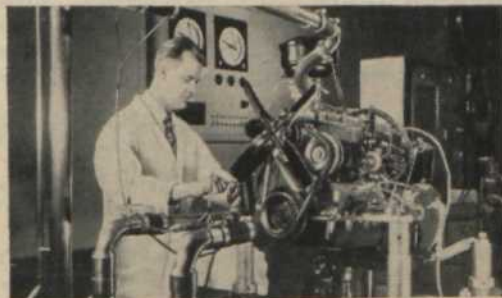
## FORD TRUCKS LAST LONGER

Using latest registration data on 6,106,000 trucks, life insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer.

NATION'S BUSINESS for February, 1950



**NEW PARCEL DELIVERY** chassis comes with grille, windshield and front quarter-windows. Available in Series F-3 and F-5 (Special order).



**NEW 110-H.P. SIX** available on Series F-6 has Free-Turn exhaust valves, Autothermic pistons, chrome-plated top piston ring.





# TRAPPED!

**To the \$5,000 Man who wants to make \$10,000 or more a year**

A year goes by quickly—so quickly that the average man is not discouraged to find himself at the end just about where he was at the beginning.

But, suddenly, middle-age arrives; he awakes to the startling realization that he has been *trapped* by mediocrity . . . by half-way success.

The big jobs and big salaries which only yesterday seemed possible of accomplishment now appear remote and unobtainable. The future that held great promise no longer exists.

Look back over your own business career. Have you made as much progress as you are capable of making? Are you adding to your knowledge of business fundamentals each day? Or are you, too, lying back contentedly waiting for the success that will never come?

Men who sincerely want to get out of the "trap" can turn to the Alexander Hamilton Institute with great hope. Over a period of thirty-nine years, the Institute has re-kindled the ambitions of thousands of men, and has enabled them to turn their dreams of success into actual achievements.

## Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

It is one of the fascinating delights of business to see what a single year can do in the lives of ambitious men working under systematic guidance. The Institute works no miracles, but it does provide a program so complete and scientific that each day carries subscribers closer to their goal.

That program is outlined in a 64-page booklet aptly titled "Forging Ahead in Business". It was written for mature men only; men who seek—not a magic formula—but a sound, realistic approach to the problems they face in trying to improve their positions and increase their incomes.

There is no charge for "Forging Ahead in Business" for the simple reason that it is worth only what you make it worth. Some men glance through it, and toss it aside. Others have found a fortune in its pages.

If you are willing to devote one short evening to the study of a plan that has meant rapid progress to thousands of executives, send for "Forging Ahead in Business" today. Fill out and return the coupon below; your complimentary copy will be mailed to you promptly.

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

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Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the 64-page book—  
"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS."

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Firm Name.....  
Business Address.....  
Position.....  
Home Address.....



his answer would be and we got it—"Sure. When do I go?" It wasn't long after that that Rawlings packed his sea bag and headed south from his Maine home to "take a berth aboard a tanker."

Boats, we'd found out, are to Rawlings what fires are to a buff—he just can't stay away from them. Back in the early '20's Charlie went overboard for them. Dinghies were his love in those days and he reported their racing for an up-state New York newspaper.

Rawlings went on from there—sailing bigger vessels, writing for bigger sports pages—and still loving it.

FOR five years **FRED DeARMOND** was a member of NATION'S BUSINESS editorial staff. When illness forced him to resign, he limped out to his farm retreat in Missouri to recuperate and dabble in agriculture. Out there he realized a life-long ambition to have an office with a couch and an Ozarks landscape for good measure.

Fred also put to the test the notion of Henry Thoreau that the good life is a judicious combination of manual and cerebral work. So the routine has been six hours a day at his desk and two in the fields. The results—three books, some good crops and good health.

TOWARD the end of a conference in New York last fall with **OSCAR SCHISGALL**, we noticed he was glancing repeatedly at his watch. He apologized, explaining he had to catch a train to Great Neck to preside at a P.-T.A. meeting.



ARTHUR MURRAY

Naturally, we wondered what gave. Schisgall is supposedly a busy man—with something like 18 books, more than 1,000 magazine stories, innumerable articles and several movies to his credit. The only interruption in his 25 years of writing occurred when he served as chief of the Book and Magazine Bureau of the Office of War Information in Washington. So we asked an obvious question: how and why did he find time for an activity like P.-T.A.?

Schisgall's reply came quickly and with enthusiasm. When we could get a word in edgewise, we asked, "Why don't you write that for us?" "You bet. Nothing I'd rather do," was his instant reply. And so an article was born.





## Set it Free

Is your factory hemmed in like a bird in a gilded cage?

Then set it free...in the Southland served by the Southern Railway System...and watch it spread its industrial wings. For this industrial opportunity-land has the natural resources...the wide open

spaces...the friendly climate...the fast-expanding markets...*everything* to make factories sing a song of happiness.

*"Look Ahead—Look South!"*

*Ernest E. Harris*  
President



### SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

*The Southern Serves the South*



# DON'T LET HIM BLACKJACK YOUR BUSINESS!



Crooks and dishonest employees may not put you out of business, but they can put a dent in your profits.

A few of your company checks (or even one) with raised amount line can cost you plenty! Only last year over \$400,000,000 were stolen by check-raisers and forgers.

*It CAN happen to you... unless you use the Todd Protectograph Checkwriter—the improved machine that indelibly shreds amount lines into your checks... provides locked control... carries insurance that covers losses through check alteration, and forgery of signature or endorsement!*

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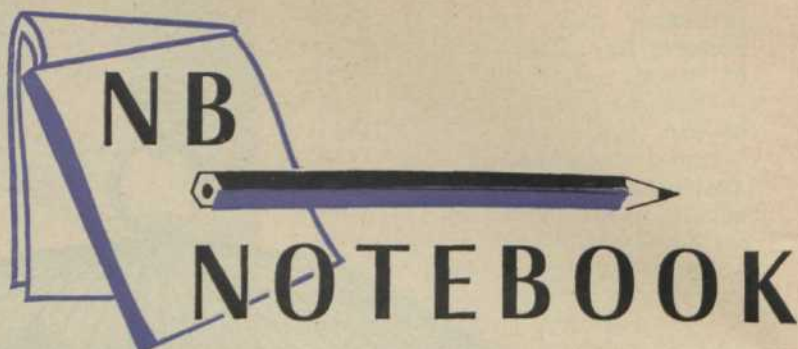
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COMPANY, INC.



ROCHESTER NEW YORK  
SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES  
DISTRIBUTORS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



## Down to business

FOR the first time since the war the year-end forecasts issued last month were in agreement on a favorable six months at least. On all previous occasions there was dissent of one kind or another based on inflated prices, shortages of material, labor problems and political developments.

It was noted also in editorial offices that the captains of trade and industry who indulged in prophecy, kept their statements shorter and more to the point. This portends, no doubt, that business is really getting down to business—and therefore ought to be good.

## Angle on credit

AS THE line for consumer credit jumps ever higher on economic charts, warning voices are raised. The total has eclipsed all previous peaks. So, look out!

Credit authorities, however, are not greatly alarmed. They prefer to cite the ratio of outstanding credit to national income. In 1929, credit represented 8.7 per cent of income. In 1941 the percentage was 9.6 and in 1949 the figure was 7.6.

From another less obvious angle, W. E. Kimbrell, president of Kimbrell's, Inc., Charlotte, N. C., furniture merchants, and chairman of the Retail Credit Institute of America, Inc., explains why longer payment periods lift the outstanding volume of credit:

A store might write \$1,000 a month in new credit with average accounts paid out in five months. The peak of outstandings would be \$3,000 at the fifth month, made up of \$1,000 in new credit and \$800, \$600, \$400 and \$200 on old accounts.

When the payment period runs to eight months, the retailer might write only \$800 a month and yet his peak outstanding credit would be \$3,600 at the end of the eight-month period. Thus, a retailer, as

Mr. Kimbrell points out, could write 20 per cent less credit and find his total book credit 20 per cent higher than under the shorter payment plan.

## Jailed for debt

IN OLDEN days, debtors were sent to prison, which now seems a foolish way, of course, to deal with a man who owes money. If he can't earn anything, how is he to pay off his creditors?

Charles R. Cox, former president of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation and now head of Kennecott Copper Corporation, believes the federal Government is using the same mistaken formula today. Government spending can be trimmed, he maintains, but a substantial part of the current deficit has been caused by a reduction in national income.

"It is unrealistic to try to obtain revenue for government by levying taxes in such a way that national income will not be produced. Yet that is exactly what this country has been doing. Proper tax cuts will eventually produce more, not less revenue."

Cox believes we should return to the provision of early income tax laws which exempted dividends from normal personal income taxes because such dividends had already been taxed as corporate net income. Taxes on capital gains should also be reduced.

## Free and also risky

ABOUT now the wholesale merchandise markets make one of their peaks of the year in buying activity as retail store representatives complete their spring orders. It is a fair guess that the results ought to be good this time for manufacturers. General business operations are high and many veterans have their insurance dividends to spend.

Since the war, however, some-



thing of a "security" trend has grown up in trade quarters just as it has become an objective of the working populace. The retailer wants to be surer of selling what he buys. The manufacturer and wholesaler shape up their operations in the same way. The result in recent seasons has been that business was lost because the merchandise wasn't on hand when the customers dropped around.

Jay D. Runkle, vice president and general manager of Crowley, Milner & Company, Detroit department store, recently took this trend to task. The three essentials of the private enterprise system are these: 1, Assume reasonable risks, 2, Maintain production and employment, and 3, Sell more products for as low a price as possible.

"We have witnessed what happens when retailers fail to buy reasonable quantities, reasonably in advance," he said. "Manufacturers, following the same pattern, have failed to provide themselves with adequate materials so that when retailers finally did get around to placing orders, lo, the manufacturer had to wait until he could get materials from the mills, which did not assume any risks either.

"So by the time the mills produced the fabrics, and the manufacturers made up their garments, and the retailer had received the merchandise in October that he should have had in August, the consumers had got tired waiting and either had spent their money for something else or were ready to buy only at markdown prices."

### Industry award

THE palm for greatest industrial achievement in the first half of this century will go without dissent to the automobile industry. It was in 1900 that 57 manufacturers built 4,193 vehicles and thereby exceeded the output of the wagon and carriage makers for the first time. "Get a horse!" became a pointless epithet.

Last year the automobile industry produced about 6,200,000 cars, trucks and buses, breaking the 1929 record of 5,358,420. Almost 44,000,000 cars of one type or another travel our highways for a total of 500,000,000,000 miles a year. Some 9,000,000 persons are directly employed by the business of highway transportation.

Impressive as the industry's figures are, its great claim to the title of "wonder worker of the half century" will rest upon the "new look" it has given the country. Fine

# SHOCK STRENGTH



Without shock strength—or, for that matter—without all of the strength factors listed below—no pipe laid 100 years ago in city streets would be in service today. But, in spite of the evolution of traffic from horse-drawn vehicles to heavy trucks and buses—and today's vast complexity of subway and underground utility services—cast iron gas and water mains, laid over a century ago, are serving in the streets of more than 30 cities in the United States and Canada. Such service records prove that cast iron pipe combines all the strength factors of long life with ample margins of safety. No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

## Strength factors of Long Life!

No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets

### SHOCK STRENGTH

The toughness of cast iron pipe which enables it to withstand impact and traffic shocks, as well as the hazards in handling, is demonstrated by the Impact Test. While under hydrostatic pressure and the heavy blows from a 50 pound hammer, standard 6-inch cast iron pipe does not crack until the hammer is dropped 6 times on the same spot from progressively increased heights of 6 inches.

### CRUSHING STRENGTH

The ability of cast iron pipe to withstand external loads imposed by heavy fill and unusual traffic loads is proved by the Ring Compression Test. Standard 6-inch cast iron pipe withstands a crushing weight of more than 14,000 lbs. per foot.

### BEAM STRENGTH

When cast iron pipe is subjected to beam stress caused by soil settlement, or disturbance of soil by other utilities, or resting on an obstruction, tests prove that standard 6-inch cast iron pipe in 10-foot span sustains a load of 15,000 lbs.

### BURSTING STRENGTH

In full length bursting tests standard 6-inch cast iron pipe withstands more than 2500 lbs. per square inch internal hydrostatic pressure, which proves ample ability to resist water-hammer or unusual working pressures.

**CAST IRON PIPE** SERVES FOR CENTURIES



“our only regret...we did not start using your Commercial Financing Plan sooner”

**LETTER FROM WESTERN LUMBER MILL**

*Because of confidential nature of our service, name and address of client has been deleted.*

Commercial Credit Corporation  
1200 S. W. Morrison Street  
Portland 5, Oregon

Gentlemen:

The only regret we have about Commercial Credit is that we did not start to use your Commercial Financing Plan sooner.

Prior to January, 1948 our operations were limited because our working capital was small in relation to volume, and we were able to secure only limited lines of credit from local sources.

Since doing business with you, we can proceed with the assurance that sufficient funds are available to operate at capacity as conditions justify. We figure you have just about doubled the amount of cash available to us from our previous credit source.

Having this matter of enough operating cash settled has been a great relief. It means that our principals can devote their full time and energy to manufacturing and selling which is the way we like it.

We used over \$1,500,000 of your money during our first year of business relations. That money not only helped us finance larger production and sales, but the flexibility of your service helped us to finance unwieldy log inventories in peak seasons of the year. One more point is that you have made it possible for us to buy certain machinery and equipment to cut production costs.

We like doing business with Commercial Credit. Your executives have a thorough understanding of business problems, and we have found them always ready to be helpful.

Yours very truly,

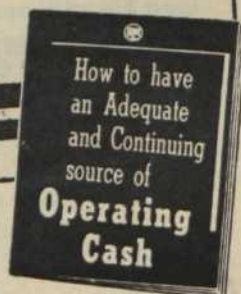
## Need MORE CASH for your business?

### HERE'S THE QUICK WAY TO GET IT

Our timely book describes how your company can get substantially more operating cash by using our Commercial Financing Plan. Because it is a continuing arrangement, this plan eliminates renewals, calls and periodic cleanup of obligations... Quick, simple and confidential in operation, our Commercial Financing

Plan does not disturb customer relations, change your accounting methods, or interfere with management... For a copy of "How To Have An Adequate And Continuing Source Of Operating Cash," just write or phone the nearest Commercial Credit Corporation office listed below. No obligation.

**COMMERCIAL FINANCING DIVISIONS:** Baltimore 2 • New York 17 • Chicago 6  
Los Angeles 14 • San Francisco 6 • Portland 5, Ore... and more than 300 other  
financing offices in principal cities of the United States and Canada.



roads that have brought the country to the city, a resort and tourist business of \$10,000,000,000 a year, consolidated schools, decentralized industry and a host of other gains. The automobile has exemplified democracy in action.

### View on big business

AS OUR legislators press their inquiries into bigness in business and what's to be done about it, Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric, offers this sidelight:

"It is tremendously significant that, when one points to the large leaders of industry in one era, they are a very different group than that made up of the leaders in another era.

"Of the 25 largest manufacturing companies which published balance sheets in 1900 only two are among the largest 25 manufacturing companies in 1949.

"And of the present 25 largest, ten were not even in existence in 1900. Almost every big business one can think of started as small business.

"So the company or industry which is a giant today may be obsolescent or extinct tomorrow; and an infant today may be tomorrow's huge leader. This fact is clear and convincing proof of the unending opportunity for growth and progress, as well as of the risks, inherent in competition. It is in brief the whole story of our economic growth."

Not long ago Wilson celebrated his fiftieth year with GE. His own life gives point to his remarks. From Hell's Kitchen in the tough west side of New York, his office boy job with the Sprague Electric Works (later taken over by GE)





started him on his way to top man in industry and chairman of the War Production Board.

## Idea for action

IN THE advertising profession, the real big thing is "the idea." Marion Harper, Jr., president of McCann-Erickson, Inc., in a talk to fellow agency men came up with this thought about ideas.

"To begin with definition—you may find it interesting that if you look in a big dictionary you will find the word 'idea' classified not only as a noun but as a verb.

"Taken this way, of course, 'to idea' becomes an activity. The word itself is not just a thing but an action and an undertaking. Not just a name for something to which things happen—but a word for making things happen.

"The idea as the advertiser's stock in trade, however, needs definition. To that end, perhaps, this definition will serve: 'The advertising idea is a synthesis of the known elements and factors of a situation into an appeal and convincing solution or answer to a problem in people's lives.'"

## Winter driving

PUMP your brakes gently when your car starts to skid on an icy road. For a quick stop, pump rapidly.

These two rules are offered in a study made by the University of Wisconsin Engineering College last winter on a frozen lake near Clintonville, Wis.

To cope with snow and ice, the engineers also advised taking slippery curves with some power from the engine. And, as almost everyone knows, explained that "spinning your wheels gets you nowhere" in an icy rut.

## Alumni

FOR the youngster who has an eye to the dollar profit in higher education, here are some figures just gathered by the American Alumni Magazines on how graduates, illustrious and otherwise, are faring in the world of material things.

Twenty alumni lists were surveyed. They revealed that the average subscriber to his alumni magazine is 41 years old, earns \$11,802 a year, carries \$26,962 in life insurance and owns 1.3 automobiles. The third part of the latter, we surmise, would do no one much good unless it was a scooter.

The Ivy League came out on top in this survey. Alumni of Colum-

*You be the judge...*



*Electric Adding-Subtracting Machine. Other electric and hand-operated models with varied totalling capacities—from \$125, plus applicable taxes, as little as \$12.50 down . . . 18 months to pay.*

*examine the evidence... compare new Burroughs Adding Machines on every point of value*

Judge a Burroughs on all points . . . on appearance . . . on ease and speed of operation . . . on features of design.

Look at its smooth, functional styling, soothing color harmony and non-glare keyboard. Try the new square keys that assure a more positive touch . . . that help give the Burroughs its remarkable speed. Test the solid construction that promises a long, trouble-free life.

On every point—appearance, ease and speed of operation, construction features—you will agree that Burroughs is the better buy—that you'll do better with a Burroughs.



**He's a good salesman, but—**  
Good salesmen shouldn't waste valuable time on arithmetic. A Burroughs gives him answers fast.

**Figures don't lie . . . idle**  
No waiting for turns here. A Burroughs on each desk speeds up figuring, cuts down delays.



**Customers and errors don't mix**  
Customers don't like overcharges. You can't profit on undercharges. Avoid both with a Burroughs.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

**Burroughs**



BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

☐ Please send me descriptive folder and prices on Burroughs adding machines.      NAME \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I would like to see a demonstration at my place of business.      COMPANY \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

NB-6



# How to keep a PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS

## moving ahead

A successful partnership usually runs smoothly because the partners complement each other in their personalities, their abilities, and their specialized functions in the business.

In the event of the death of a partner, the business is in trouble. Then the survivor must liquidate, or share the management with heirs or unknown outsiders—unless adequate arrangements have been made to meet the contingency.

One of the best arrangements is a *buy-and-sell* agreement made while the partnership is still intact. A Penn Mutual Underwriter will be glad to show you how easily you can set up a self-completing sinking fund to implement this agreement. Under the protection of this fund, the event that creates the *need* for cash also creates the *cash*.



### SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET



You may obtain a free copy of the informative booklet, "Your Business," which gives a visual explanation of the problems that might jeopardize a partnership business and their solution. Write to The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

bia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale (with an age average of 42 years) hit the highest figures: \$15,128 in average earnings, \$37,887 in life insurance and 1.4 in automobiles (a scooter plus).

In the Midwest universities the figures ran: 45 years of age, \$11,249 in earnings, \$24,697 in insurance and 1.3 automobiles. On the West Coast the average alumnus is only 37 years of age. He earns \$9,029 a year, carries \$18,301 in life insurance and owns 1.3 automobiles.

## At the top

ON THE WAY to the top in a company, an executive joins his fellows for all kinds of fruitful meetings and discussions. He enjoys an abundance of literature on the operations for which he is responsible.

When he gets to the top, he becomes a rather secluded being who gathers with other "brass" to talk about external forces affecting the business and rarely about actual operations, as Lawrence A. Appley, president of the American Management Association, points out. He adds:

"A good deal has been said about what happens to a man when he is elevated to a top command—somewhat in the form of joking disrespect. The facts are that in the vast majority of cases nothing actually happens to the man himself, but his associates insist on changing him.

"He does not want to be important, but is made important, and frequently the result is that he loses his former close touch with the people he should continue to know intimately and many of the realities within his organization with which he was formerly concerned.

"He is often the victim of a conspiracy of smoothness. Those close to him feel that they are his court and that it is their responsibility to be good courtiers—to protect him against discomforts and to shield him from unpleasantness."

## Air freight hurdle

FREIGHT shipped by air has been mounting in volume as the operators have put on more and faster schedules and introduced interline agreements and uniform air bills. The principal hurdle to much larger expansion is the lack of adequate and well planned terminals, in the opinion of L. R. Hackney, air cargo sales engineer

**THE PENN MUTUAL**  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FOUNDED IN 1847

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA



of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

At a session of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Hackney pointed out that it was not uncommon to have the time taken for pick-up and delivery, waybilling and manifesting, loading and unloading, exceed the time the freight is in the air. Moreover, there are many instances where the cost of handling air freight from the shipper to the plane and from the plane to the customer approaches the expense of the air haul itself.

Air freight, in short, "flies through the air with the greatest of ease" but just bumps along on the ground. Hackney maintained that properly designed and equipped terminals would take out the ground loops, and would in addition be of immense value in a national emergency as a means of supplementing the existing facilities of the Military Air Transport Service.

### Keeping workers informed

A COMPARATIVELY new and important word in the lexicon of management is "communication." This means keeping the workers and everyone below top officials informed on company affairs. House organs, bulletins, movies, meetings and a dozen or more methods are in use to carry on this education because surveys keep showing how labor relations suffer because of the lack of essential information.

There is a story of one company which failed to explain the benefits under its welfare plans. The union committee stirred up a lot of support for a drive to get benefits which were actually smaller than those the workers were already enjoying.

In another instance a New England manufacturer ran into a wild-cat strike because the people saw a lot of engineers in the plant conducting studies. The company's idea was to improve management planning and practices. The workers thought some kind of "speed-up" program was contemplated. They walked out first and asked questions afterward.

Adequate "communication" would have taken care of both of these incidents. Once upon a time, the factory worker got paid so much an hour for so many hours of work in a plant—and that was all there was to it. The pay envelope told the whole story. Today there are deductions for this and that. There are taxes, savings and insurance deductions. The pay envelope,

**IF FIRE  
DESTROYED  
YOUR  
RECORDS  
TONIGHT...**



**WOULD YOU BE IN  
BUSINESS TOMORROW?**

You might—perhaps. But 43 out of every 100 firms that lose their records by fire *never reopen their doors.* That's why it's important to you, to make sure that your company's contracts, deeds, accounts receivable and other essential business records are *protected.* Without these indispensable records you could not continue in business.

### Fire Insurance Alone Is Not Enough

To collect fully on fire insurance, you must submit proof of loss. How could you prepare this proof without your business records? And remember, fire is no respecter of places. Some of the most disastrous fires occur in fireproof buildings.

### A MOSLER RECORD SAFE

is specifically built to protect your records against fire. It carries the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label, signifying that it has passed rigid fire, impact and explosion tests. No old safe . . . no safe *without* the Underwriters' label . . . can be trusted to perform this vital function.

Whether you're an executive, office manager, purchasing agent, department head . . . *whatever* your status, your business future depends on your company records. When you protect them, you protect your own job.

Send in the coupon *now* for complete details.



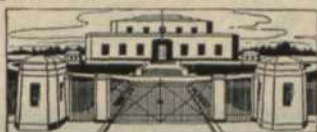
Mosler record safe, bearing the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. "A" label, with burglary resistive chest inside, giving protection against fire and burglary.

**The Mosler Safe Co.**

Since 1848

Main Office and Showroom  
320 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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Largest Builders of Safes and Vaults in the World



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THE MOSLER SAFE CO., Dept. 32  
320 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me:

- ☐ The free booklet, "What You Should Know About Safes."
- ☐ The name of my nearest Mosler Dealer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Firm \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_







# Modern

... from cab-to-caboose radio telephones on fast freights ... to the luxuriously appointed coaches, Pullmans and lounges of MO-PAC's ultra-modern streamlined Eagles.



# Progressive

... the oldest line west of the Mississippi River constantly adds the newest in facilities to make travel and shipping faster, better and safer.



**SERVING THE WEST-SOUTHWEST EMPIRE**

alone, has become complicated, and that is why more explaining is needed.

## Power from the atom

THE question of when we are to have atomic power running the industry of the country is argued pro and con—and mostly con. Technical questions can be solved but the hard core of costs remains.

Ward F. Davidson, research engineer of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, recently ventured some figures. A large high-efficiency, coal-burning power plant today will cost about \$190 a kilowatt. For a nuclear plant the cost would be \$370.

On the operating side, Davidson said costs conceivably could be lower, if (and a large "if") ample supplies of uranium ores are found and if it becomes possible to reduce expense in reclaiming partially spent uranium.

"There appear to be no insurmountable technical barriers to the development of large nuclear power plants," Davidson said, "but it is by no means clear that such plants can offer anything like as great economic advantages as have often been predicted. In fact the outlook, as to costs, even if the enormous development costs were to be charged entirely to other projects, is such that one would not expect rapid large-scale inroads of nuclear power into the picture of industrial power production.

"At most, nuclear power plants might represent most of the new capacity and thus be a supplement rather than substitute for power from coal, oil, gas and water."





# MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

► BUSINESS IS WINNING friends, influencing people.

Atmosphere appears to be swinging from whipping-boy days to most favorable climate for business men in past 20 years.

Trend is noticeable among the intellectuals—where such trends start.

President's Council of Economic Advisers notes it, endorses it in annual report—but it didn't originate it.

Dr. Vannevar Bush, one time intimate of FDR, says:

"We cannot afford today to interfere unduly, even in the name of humanitarianism, with the diversified, vigorous private initiative that has made us great."

Observers at midwinter meeting of American Economic Association were impressed by absence of usual criticism of business as such, by lack of usual animus toward business in speeches.

Group is composed largely of government and labor economists, teachers, some business advisers.

What gives here?

England's difficulties with socialism, Russia's never ending turbulence, suffer in contrast with U.S. prosperity.

Tremendous volume of travel to Europe in postwar years has brought firsthand comparison of U. S. with various other systems.

And others suffer by the comparison.

► YOU'RE A BETTER business man than you were a year ago—if you lasted through 1949.

You've had the first taste of normal business—which, like love, seldom runs smooth—that's come in past 10 years.

Dip last year was first ever experienced by many who've entered business, or reached managerial level, since 1938.

It was their first chance to look in the back room—and wonder if that stock ever would move.

Or to look at their bank paper—and wonder if it ever would be paid.

If you've had that experience, and passed the tests, you're a better, more seasoned, business man.

Many failed to pass the tests. Business failures last year totaled almost 10,000. That is nearly twice 1948 figure. Thousands more closed voluntarily to avoid failure.

So today's business is in stronger

hands. Weakest have been shaken out.

Bankers who didn't like to lend to business men who had never faced any but a rising market now have a broader field of customers.

► CAUTION HAS HELPED maintain good business level.

It has kept supply pretty well balanced with demand—so far.

It has prevented overbuying, building of huge stocks that can break markets, set downward spiral in motion.

But don't think sharp adjustments can't come, just because they haven't.

Here's a point to keep in mind:

Production in past 4½ years has been more than double careful estimates of war-deferred demand.

Twice as many automobiles, refrigerators, other things people wanted at war's end have been produced, are in their hands.

There's been a new high level of normal current demand—with deferred demand superimposed on top of it. That's over.

Now there's a new high level of normal current demand. But no one knows yet how high the new normal is.

This is not the time to throw caution to the winds.

► THERE'S A \$58,000,000,000 guaranteed credit potential underlying today's economy.

That's untapped part of credit guarantee set up in GI Bill of Rights.

Add credit that lending agencies might advance above guaranteed portion—and you can double or triple that figure.

So far fewer than 2,000,000 World War II veterans have bought homes, farms or financed businesses with loans guaranteed (at least in part) by Veterans Administration.

Which means there are 14,500,000 vets still eligible to get them.

VA will guarantee up to 50 per cent or \$4,000 of vets' loan for home, farm or business—providing a regular lending agency will make the loan.

Here's how that works:

Vet finds home he wants for \$12,000. VA will guarantee \$4,000 of purchase loan. So lending agency takes chance only on remaining portion—which makes loan more attractive.

In some instances vets with good



# MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

credit, good jobs, get homes with no down payment, since VA guarantee serves same purpose to lender.

Any vet with 90 days or more service, discharge other than dishonorable, is eligible.

He has until July 25, 1957, to take advantage of VA guarantees.

Latest figures show 1,660,464 vets have borrowed \$9,283,238,836 for home financing.

Farm-loan borrowings to 53,426 vets total \$204,819,071; and business loans to 113,562 vets, \$354,711,450.

Default rate is less than one half of one per cent.

► **INFLATION NOTE:** It needs two things—abundance of purchasing power, shortage of goods.

We have one, but not the other. We can make thousands of things too fast, in volume too great, to let shortage develop—or last long.

U. S. productive capacity is its insurance against inflation.

► **MONEY'S LOOKING for work.**

Insurance companies now compete with banks for small business loans as well as real estate investments.

Metropolitan Life has set up new department to handle loans to small business, and has put a vice-president in charge.

That's formalizing an activity already well under way.

Life companies have found many of their policy loans are for small business purposes.

Metropolitan's new plan: It will take 90 per cent of acceptable loan applications if local bank will take other 10 per cent, service the loan.

Note: Every day \$3,574,000 drops into Metropolitan's office, looking for work.

► **WATCH BIG BUSINESS** to get possible preview of U. S. foreign policy.

American oil company has placed orders for equipment for a huge refinery. It is to be delivered this year—in Spain.

Which may forecast U. S. recognition of Franco.

► **ARE YOUR SALESMEN** traveling in the right places?

Far West leads nation in formation of new businesses.

In recent years average annual rate of new business formation has been 129 for every 1,000 businesses in operation. But look at the regional variation:

Far West, 193; Southwest, 174; Southeast, 155; Central, 104, and New England, 103.

► **MORE MEAT** is on the way.

There will be at least 150 pounds of it for each person in the U. S. this year. Compares with 147 in '49.

That's not enough rise to bring lower prices, which will remain at about present levels.

Beef production will be about same as last year despite some rise in cattle numbers. That's because stockmen are rebuilding herds.

Pork chops—the workers' meat—will be more plentiful. Rise in pork production is expected to hit 8 per cent—because of bumper corn crop.

Sheep and lamb herds may rise, after hitting record low last year. But there is not enough increase to take lamb and mutton out of short supply classification.

Note: Relative shortage of meat, bulging grain surpluses, largely are result of price props on grains.

Millions of acres of grassland were ploughed up, sown in grains as farmers reacted to government campaign to expand production.

Current acreage allotments to cut farm production may eventually reverse that movement.

► **KILLINGS IN CORN** will be made in '50. Here's how:

To get a 15 per cent reduction in total corn crop Agriculture Department cut acreage in commercial corn growing area by 20 per cent.

That's because only 55,000,000 of the 84,000,000 acres in corn (last year) were in what law calls "commercial" corn area. And Agriculture can't control acreage in noncommercial area.

The difference: Production of 450 bushels of corn per farm, or four bushels per acre (counting all farm acres) over past 10 years make a county commercial. Record of less production makes it noncommercial—as far as corn is concerned.

So Agriculture's cutback leaves one third of the nation's corn acreage uncontrolled, unaffected.

Since cutback will bolster price, farmers outside commercial counties can expand their production to cash in while



crops are held down in areas where corn grows best.

Note: This likely trend also will increase spread of vastly improved corn production technology, create potential of even greater corn crops in future.

► **DEPARTMENT STORES** will make more money this year—at about same volume as in '49. Some prices are rising slightly at manufacturers' level—furniture, heavy appliances, rugs, some soft goods.

These rises will be reflected on retail price tags starting this month.

But stores' buyers think manufacturers are sounding out markets, will rescind increases if sales threaten to drop.

So stores buy lightly as possible in any lines where price rises.

Standard markups—cut last spring to check dropping volume—have been restored. So profits will rise unless another dip develops.

Another factor: Stores will have more lower-priced—not cut-priced—goods.

► **YOU'LL SEE RISING** support for government-administered \$100-a-month industrial worker pensions in months ahead.

Some business men will join with unions' demand that social security be expanded to take over nation-wide pension program.

Unions want it on grounds that individual company pensions:

1. Reduce labor mobility by making job changes unattractive because of pension-rights loss.

2. Cost too much for many smaller, profit-marginal firms.

3. Are threatened if recession comes, companies fail.

4. If widely spread would sequester too much money in funded retirement resources.

Business men who think Government should take over pension problem contend present trend will freeze labor into companies with pension plans, make it hard to hire for companies without them.

Bill passed by House, now in Senate, would increase Social Security's maximum family benefit from \$85 to \$150 monthly.

That's not far step from \$100 industrial worker pensions.

If step is taken, unions will bargain for added benefits, try to preserve extra advantages in strong industries.

President's economic advisers advocate shifting cost of security from those obtaining benefits to the general public.

Note this in advisers' report:

"We believe that, as coverage becomes more general, a larger part of social security receipts should be obtained

## MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

through general revenues rather than payroll taxes."

► **ORGANIZED LABOR** is taking a long-shot bet in 1950.

It's taken heat off change in Taft-Hartley Act because it fears this Congress wouldn't give it what it wants—practically all controls taken off unions.

Instead organized labor concentrates on retiring 15 representatives, five senators they consider unfriendly, replacing them with congressmen who will go their way.

If they succeed, get labor law they want, unions will exploit power over Congress, move in on other legislation.

If they fail all congressmen will be less impressed with labor's demands.

► **PRICES MOVE GOODS**—whether the goods be homes or hoes.

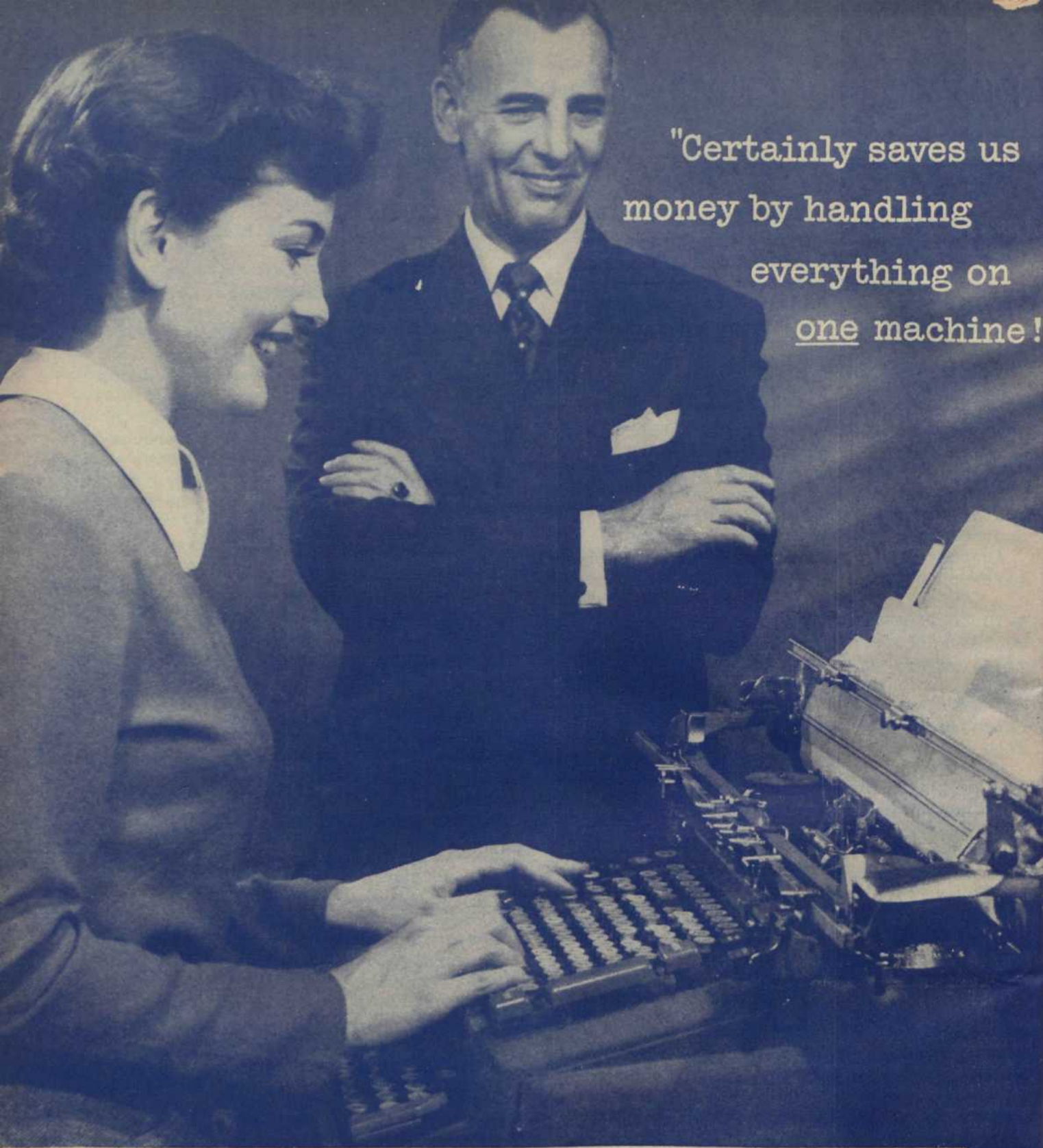
Long Island builders found market softening for \$10,000 homes. So one started building \$9,000 homes—smaller but not cheapened.

They sold as fast as they went up. Same move worked for other builders.

So now they're planning an \$8,500 house—to be built when the \$9,000 market softens.

► **BRIEFS:** Expenditures for atomic energy plants this year will be \$700,000,000—10 per cent above 1949....One of rails' biggest shipping customers is stepping into the rail-truck battle to bring peace. Peacemaker: Auto industry, that makes the trucks....Flaxseed growers cut acreage sharply. Price prop has been cut from \$6 per bushel to \$3.99, probably will go lower....Pipelines carry about 12 per cent of U. S. intercity commercial freight traffic....Total of E bonds in public's hands has crept up to \$33,500,000,000....Americans will spend \$12,000,000,000 on vacation travel within the U. S. this year....Before war industry provided 40 per cent of Canada's national production value. Now it provides more than 50 per cent....Washington now has 57 registered lady lobbyists....Skies-Will-Be-Black-With-'Em Note: Government issued 193,000 student pilot certificates in 1947. In 1948 total dropped to 117,000. Last year's total: 50,000.





"Certainly saves us  
money by handling  
everything on  
one machine!"

## NATIONAL MECHANIZED ACCOUNTING SAVES TIME, MONEY, AND EFFORT\*

In thousands of business offices, you'll find *one* National Accounting Machine and *one* operator handling *all* accounting work: accounts receivable, accounts payable, cost records, sales analysis, commission statements, stock records, general ledger, property accounting, expense distribution, government reports — and payroll!

And many large concerns use bat-

teries of these machines, assigning several to a specific type of work.

Serving both large and small concerns, this most flexible of all accounting machines often repays the entire investment within one year.

This is but one of the *complete* National line. Ask your nearby National representative to show you the savings you can expect from a National Mechanized System.



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# TRENDS



## OF NATION'S BUSINESS

### The State of the Nation

**F**IVE YEARS AGO, the war was entering its final phase. Italy had succumbed. German resistance was crumbling. Japan, as we now know, was desperately urging Soviet Russia to mediate a negotiated peace.

With the collapse of the Axis, and the end of hostilities in sight, responsible leadership in the United Nations was properly endeavoring to plan a stable postwar world. Dumbarton Oaks had already produced its draft charter for a permanent international organization of "peace-loving states." And President Roosevelt, delivering his fourth inaugural address on Jan. 20, 1945, had just defined "America's purpose" in ringing words:

In the days and in the years that are to come we shall work for a just and durable peace as today we work and fight for total victory in war. We can and will achieve such a peace.

It is not pleasant, in the light of current events, to recall that confident assertion of five years back. What might have been is a matter of argument. But the fact that we have not achieved "a just and durable peace" is indisputably obvious. Indeed, so far as our recent major enemies—Germany and Japan—are concerned, we have not even written peace treaties of any kind.

That literally appalling failure can be explained, of course, by attributing all the blame to Moscow. The communists unhesitatingly explain it by attributing all the blame to us. For those



Felix Morley

who seek to learn from disillusionment, however, both of those self-righteous alibis must sound too glib. One feels instinctively that some more fundamental force is operating here. If the world has gone off the track, that is not necessarily due to incompetence or malevolence on the part of its political engineers. It is also possible that the rails were laid wrong, or with faulty metal.

More than a hint of the fundamental trouble is perhaps found in that same pathetic inaugural address where a dying President so vainly promised a "just and durable peace." The hint comes only later in that speech—the lines which say: "The great fact to remember is that the trend of civilization itself is forever upward."

This doctrine of automatic progress is not historically sound and it is not morally helpful.

Over great areas of the earth, and over long periods of history, we know that the trend of civilization has been definitely down. Peoples who had attained cultural and material heights have frequently been completely and permanently submerged. In some cases the obliteration has been so comprehensive that archaeologists can only speculate as to the cause.

But the indication is that internal decay is more potent than external pressure, as a cause





## OF NATION'S BUSINESS

of collapse. Many factors, and consequent differences of opinion, are involved in the collapse of civilizations. But whatever the causes, there is no question as to the occurrence. In "A Study of History" Arnold Toynbee carefully identifies 26 separate "civilizations," meaning highly developed organizations of people so different from each other "that each of them constitutes by itself an intelligible field of historical study." Professor Toynbee concludes that "no less than 16 out of these 26 are by now dead and buried."

In the face of an analysis of this character, so abundantly buttressed by masses of incontrovertible evidence, it is ridiculous to talk about "the trend of civilization itself" being "forever upward." And Professor Toynbee further makes clear that it is worse than foolish to identify the culture to which we are accustomed with "civilization" as a whole. Any such attempt, he says, means "that we are no longer conscious of the presence in the world of other societies of equal standing; and that we now regard our society as being identical with 'civilized' mankind."

Today, it is all too easy to utilize Professor Toynbee's thought in explaining why the United States has so completely failed in achieving peace. Through gross ignorance on the part of our leaders we were led to believe that the civilization of Soviet Russia is a part of "our" western civilization. Unfortunately, as everyone now belatedly realizes, Soviet Russia has a fundamentally different civilization, the primary, and not unattainable objective of which is to add our civilization to those already "dead and buried."

In seeking a single descriptive adjective to define what we mean in speaking of "our civilization" we probably will agree on "Christian."

By this we mean that the people of the west still seek to govern their lives, however imperfectly, in accordance with the doctrines laid down nearly 2,000 years ago by one whom we still call the "Saviour." The fact that we date our calendar from this birth is itself an admission that we regard the coming of Christ as marking the advent of a fundamentally different civilization.

But it is not only a matter of the calendar. Our political institutions, our code of justice, our personal relationships and our family life are all based on the assumption that there is a natural dignity and worth in every human being. That is a purely Christian concept, distinguishing the Christian civilization from those which went before and those which have arisen since. In all recorded history there has never been another civilization

which so insistently emphasizes what we mean by democracy—the doctrine that "whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This leads naturally to the admonition against rendering unto Caesar that which belongs to God. And on that precept is based the Constitution of the United States and all the deep-rooted American hostility to any monopolistic concentration of power—spiritual, economic or political.

Nowhere, in the doctrinal basis of Christian civilization, do we find any pleasant assurance that its trend will automatically be "forever upward." On the contrary, we have repeated warnings that the hardest sort of struggle is necessary to secure the blessings of liberty.

So the doctrine of automatic progress is bad history and bad theology. That it is also bad economics scarcely needs to be argued, in view of the bankruptcy statistics. Very few business men, large or small, are likely to be impressed by any rosy assurance that, in spite of peaks and valleys on the sales charts, the trend of production is necessarily "forever upward."

The inability of the United States Government to make the peace that was promised five years ago is deeply disturbing. But the responsibility for that tragic failure, under our democratic system, cannot fairly be attributed without qualification to those in the seats of political power. As is the practice of politicians, they only promised what they knew people wanted to hear.

Five years without peace, and with increasing prospect of an even more terrible and disastrous war, has spread great disillusion throughout the land. But the clear moral to which that disillusion points has not been drawn. In spite of the demonstrated incompetence of monopolistic government many Americans have come to believe that it has some magic power to solve their individual problems, to provide something for nothing.

Such an attitude contradicts a fundamental principle of Christianity, which is above all else a religion demanding individual effort. This religion does not teach that Caesar will provide security through the medium of the taxgatherer. On the contrary: "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

The assumption that our problems can be solved by reliance on centralized planning is an alien creed, fundamentally and absolutely opposed to the Christian emphasis on self-government and self-reliance. And the progress of that pagan belief in the body of American thinking is fundamentally more disturbing than Russian possession of atomic secrets. That can only threaten our civilization from without. Spiritual corruption threatens it from within.

—FELIX MORLEY



# The Month's Business Highlights

**B**USINESS entered the new year in a better frame of mind than was the case a year ago. Threat of further inflation has receded. Deflation does not hang over business as it did a year ago. Neither of those dangers has been dispelled entirely, but few think either one of them constitutes an immediate menace. No serious decline in national income is in sight. Demand for goods promises to hold up well throughout the year. At the same time, some of the exuberance has gone out of the market. It is not likely to reappear in 1950. Business again is courting the purchaser's favor. That is the healthiest thing that could happen to our economy. In fact, it is the only condition in which a free economy can function freely.

Clouds still hang over the international horizon, but they are not as black as formerly—or maybe we have grown more accustomed to them. The transition from regarding Russia as a co-operative ally to viewing her as a great threat to peace has been completed. We now take it for granted that Russia is a threat and that we must be prepared to meet it. We are not scared. So long as we are neither scared, nor cocky, nor complacent, there is substantial hope that we shall not have to fight. Differences with Russia are ideological. While ideological schisms rarely are mended, they frequently adjust themselves so they can operate in their respective spheres without dangerous friction.

The decline in the first half of 1949 has been called an inventory recession. Analysis seems to have established that lower farm prices constituted the principal cause, although inventories had a good deal to do with that situation.

This year began with inventories of steel and coal at low levels and with smaller inventories in many other lines. Agriculture is undergoing a suppressed deflation. Supports keep prices from going down, but they do not push prices up. They are a drag on inflation. They stimulate imports, and in the case of cotton they stimulate the substitute use of synthetic fibers. Higher support prices in the first quarter are expected to step up February marketings in an effort to get ahead of the large volume of marketing that will be done in March.

Farm income in 1950 may be one third less than the 1947 peak. There will be some restrictions on acreage but, with average weather conditions,



Paul Wooton

1950 will be another year of large farm output. Meat, dairy, and poultry products will offset whatever decline is brought about in cotton, corn, and wheat. Before the war consumers spent 23 per cent of income for food. During the war, when consumer goods were scarce, the percentage spent for food increased sharply. Now that automobiles and other products are readily available expenditures are expected to return to the prewar pattern.

Foreign buyers are expected to use fewer Marshall plan dollars in 1950 for agricultural products. There will be some shift in demand. More fixed needs will be supplied by their own slowly recovering agriculture. Cotton exports are expected to increase. With industrial wage rates at an all-time high there is little prospect of any material decline in farm costs.

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Paul Douglas of Illinois seems to be doing a good job as a freshman senator. His investigation has called attention to the fact that the Federal Reserve is independent of the Treasury. There is not a word in the law that requires the Board to act as the Treasury desires.

It has been suggested that it would be helpful if cabinet status were given to the Federal Reserve chairman so he would have equal rank with the Secretary of the Treasury. Even a simple directive from the President could make it clear that the Federal Reserve is supposed to handle the supply, the availability, and the cost of money in such a way as to contribute to economic stability without reference to the cost of borrowing to any particular borrower, public or private. The Secretary of the Treasury could be told to adapt issues to the money market and instructed not to bring pressure on the Federal Reserve in order that his issues would be acceptable to the market.

Senator Douglas believes a money monopoly is the most dangerous of all monopolies because money is used for everything. The economy can be hurt by making money too tight just as unsound enterprises are encouraged by easy money.

After 60 futile years of effort to promote com-







where the greater part of production now is in the hands of the few. Unfavorable public reaction to recent antitrust suits has led some legislators to believe that it would be better politics to regulate large concerns rather than to try to break them up into smaller units.

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Political observers believe a wave of feeling against state socialism probably will sweep across all democratic countries. It has had its beginning on the edges of the world, in New Zealand and Australia. It is expected to manifest itself next in the United Kingdom. Feeling may not be strong enough yet to oust the Labor Government, but it is thought its strength will be impaired at the forthcoming elections. A revolt in this country against paternalism, controls, and government-in-business is gathering momentum and may manifest itself in this year's elections.

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Politicians in their quest for revenue always agitate for increases in corporation taxes and try to create the impression that this is a tax on the rich. Members of this Congress are finding that economic education has made great progress. The general public has a much better understanding of economic matters than it had a decade ago. Even school children know that large corporations are not the property of a few rich men, but are the property of their fathers and mothers and a multitude of little people who own the stock. Not only that, there is general appreciation that an increase in corporation taxes means an increase in production costs which is added to the price the consumer pays. Few are so economically ignorant as to believe that taxes can be raised painlessly.

Legislators are not overlooking the widespread demand for substantial reductions in federal expenditures. Most of them wish the Hoover report would curl up and die like its predecessors, but its support has gathered momentum to the point where it will be an important issue in this year's elections. Candidates will have to give it more than lip service.

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Competition in the automobile industry this year will be more in the form of higher prices for

petition by legal action brought under antitrust statutes, thought on Capitol Hill is turning to more practical means. More attention will be given in the future to methods that will make it possible for small concerns to operate in fields

trade-in cars than in price reductions. Down payments are being reduced and the time of repayment lengthened, but the total of outstanding instalment credit on automobiles will decline because the volume of repayments will be large. The total of instalment debt is larger than ever before, but its relationship to personal income is less than prewar.

Spectacular increases in coffee and cocoa prices had some bearing on the upturn in other sensitive raw materials. The fact that increases took place on a broad front at a time when a sizable segment of the nation's production facilities were idle was shown as indicating the underlying strength of the general economy.

The extent to which lumber is a mainstay of the economy of the Pacific Coast states is indicated by the fact that the industry provides ten per cent of all manufacturing employment, ten per cent of manufacturing payrolls, and 11 per cent of the value added by manufacture. Half of the nation's present commercial supply of saw timber is standing in the forests of those three coast states.

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Prices of building materials continue at a level far above prewar. These materials have the equivalent of price support in the purchase of mortgages by the RFC.

Decline in machinery production may be at an end. Wages have increased more than machinery prices. The total of all capital expenditures probably will be less this year than last, but machinery may run counter to that trend because the incentive is strong to reduce costs by installing labor-saving equipment.

Average hourly earnings of production workers remain high. The consumers' cost index has declined but there has been no increase in the workers' standard of living because of the general decline in the number of hours worked.

Figures for 1948 show that 84 per cent of the income of the American people goes for consumer goods and services. Taxes take 10.2 per cent, while the remaining 5.8 per cent represents personal savings.

No apprehension or worry was reflected in the President's State of the Union message. It envisages a peace that passes the understanding of most officials who are harassed with problems of unprecedented magnitude.

The annual report of the Council of Economic Advisers laid the foundation for any kind of recommendation.

Almost anything conceivable in the present state of public opinion can be fitted into the framework of that report. Its intent was to counteract the feeling that with the resignation of Dr. Nourse the council will become a radical body.

—PAUL WOOTON



# Washington Scenes

**F**OR THE first time in more than 20 years, there is an easing up of the tension here—at least, so far as the White House is concerned. It is as if President Truman, in a happy mood, had walked out to the front gate and put up a sign: “No crisis this month.”

Some people, notably the Republicans, are suspicious of Harry's buoyant attitude. They think that, in putting on the rose-colored glasses, he may be looking ahead to the election of 1950, and possibly to the one in 1952. At any rate, they feel that he ought to worry more.

Still, it is a refreshing situation, especially when one remembers the 12 Roosevelt years. Foes of FDR used to say that if he didn't have an emergency, he would manufacture one. Actually, most of the emergencies in that period were very real, beginning with the closing of the banks and ending with World War II. But it is true that Roosevelt did occasionally cry out about an emergency where none seemed to exist, as, for example, when he made his abortive attempt to pack the Supreme Court in 1937.

President Truman obviously feels that the country is in need of a period of tranquillity. He appears to have no desire for a showdown battle with Congress at this session. He doesn't talk about “must” legislation. He knows, as everybody else in Washington knows, that there will be no decisive action on the Taft-Hartley Act, the Brannan plan, compulsory health insurance, or civil rights. All he asks of Congress is that there be a showing of hands on these matters; he thinks the voters ought to know where the legislators stand in advance of this year's election.

Actually, Taft-Hartley, health insurance and civil rights, important though they may seem to those directly involved, are of little consequence alongside the two great aims of the Administration—peace and prosperity. If Mr. Truman has had his “miserable” nights in the White House—and he says he has had them—it is a safe bet that they were connected with those two goals, not domestic reforms.

Prof. Arnold Toynbee, the British historian, predicts that there will be no major shooting war in this century, although he expects the cold war with Russia to go on and on.

Mr. Truman has never believed that a hot war



Edward T. Folliard

with Russia was imminent. His big worry, three years ago, was that the communists would take over the whole European Continent. This, as he saw it, would deprive the United States of allies, potential bases, and valuable sources of raw materials, some of them located in African colonies of our European friends. To put it another way, he was fearful that Russian influence would be extended over such a vast area that the United States might not be able to win a war if one started.

That greatest of dangers, the President told Congress in his recent State of the Union message, has now “receded,” and consequently there is “new hope” for the cause of peace.

The Republicans tore into Mr. Truman for his failure to mention China in that message. They scolded him, also, for his roseate vision of ever-mounting prosperity in the face of a national debt of \$257,000,000,000.

Privately, though, some of the G.O.P. legislators confessed that it was a real problem to attack the message. To begin with, it was for the most part good-tempered and conciliatory. Through it ran a note of deep faith in the United States and its people, the faith of a man who has himself suffered many reverses, but who has always managed to land on his feet, smiling.

Was his State of the Union message a campaign document? It is hard to say, in the case of the man from Independence, just where statesmanship ends and politics begins; for that matter, it is hard to say in the case of any politician.

This much, however, can be said about Mr. Truman: He sincerely believes that the outlook for peace has improved, despite the communist triumph in China. He believes just as sincerely that the United States is on the way to new heights of prosperity, a prosperity in which all will share. In private conversation, he sums things up in a homely sentence: “Everything is going to be all right.”

Mr. Truman, once regarded as a complete failure as an orator, has improved to such an extent that the Republicans are disturbed when he goes before the mikes. It is not so much how he says his piece that bothers them, but what





# TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

he says. He has learned how to put his thoughts and his hopes into an attractive package.

Always now, it seems, he is looking ahead and asking the American people to look ahead with him. He has no nostalgia for the past; if

he thinks about the "good old days" at all, it is to bristle with anger when he remembers the argument that business depressions were "normal" and "inevitable"—that the thing to do was to let the country "go through the wringer."

The Chief Executive is fascinated by this country's potentialities, and has been for a long time. I have noted this in covering his talks to many groups of young people. He always tells them the same thing—that he would like to be starting out with them as a youngster himself, and so be a witness to the Great Age that lies ahead.

Undoubtedly, this accounts for that extraordinary paragraph that appeared in his State of the Union message, the one in which he envisioned a trillion-dollar economy and a real income of \$12,000 a year for the average family by the year 2000. He had instructed his economists and speech writers to work this out for him.

The scene in the House of Representatives as Mr. Truman delivered his 1950 message could best be appreciated by those who witnessed a similar scene two years before. The contrast was startling, and, in a way, funny.

When he appeared in the House chamber on Jan. 7, 1948, he faced a Congress controlled by the Republicans. Just about everybody believed that he was washed up politically. There was even doubt that he could get the Democratic nomination so as to run for a full, four-year term. A "dump Truman" movement was getting under way among the Democrats.

A press gallery wag, remarking on the cold reception given to Mr. Truman's message that day in '48, said that they had to cut the ice away to get him out of the chamber. It was not only the Republicans who were cool. The Democrats, many of them at least, also sat on their hands.

• • •

How different it all was this time! The President, his face still a little tanned from the Florida sun, was smiling and confident. He had no worries so far as politics was concerned; his own term still had three years to run. The worry was all out there in front of him, among the 435 representatives and the 30 odd senators who come up for re-election this fall.

Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., the freshman member from New York City, was something to see. He applauded almost everything the Presi-

dent said. Was this the same young man who wanted to dump Mr. Truman and draft General Eisenhower in the Spring of '48? Yes, the very same.

All the Democrats—all the Fair Dealers, anyway—were just as enthusiastic. Although the message was something less than electrifying, they broke in with applause 38 times.

This could only mean that, while they were back home during the recess, they must have discovered that Mr. Truman's stock was pretty high. What it means for the future is something that the future will have to answer. However, one could make a guess that, come 1952, a lot of these fellows will be thinking that the President's coat tails look pretty good. That would mean a "draft Truman" movement.

Would Mr. Truman yield to a draft? His intimates say that they don't know, and they add that Mr. Truman himself doesn't know. That, in itself, represents a change.

A year ago, there was a very definite understanding that the Missourian would retire at the end of his current term. This was based on something that happened aboard the Truman Special on Nov. 4, 1948, as it was bringing the President from Independence to Washington, following his victory over Governor Dewey. A member of the White House staff, one qualified to speak with authority, told reporters on the train that Mr. Truman would not be interested in another term. He reminded them that in 1952 the President would be 68.

A subtle change became noticeable last summer. At a press conference, Mr. Truman was asked bluntly whether he planned to run again. He laughed and said he would answer when the time came.

Meantime, some of his associates have been saying privately that he would "have" to run. Why? Well, because there was nobody else in the party as well qualified or who had such a record as a vote getter. They dispose of the age question by saying that Mr. Truman has the vitality of a man in his forties.

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The situation, then, has changed to this extent: Fourteen months ago, on the heels of the "great upset," it was given out by a qualified spokesman that Mr. Truman would not be interested in another term; now, to quote a Gershwin song, that "ain't necessarily so."

The Presidency, as Coolidge and others have noted, is a killer job, but it has its attractions. The late Josephus Daniels once said that no President since the time of Andrew Jackson had left the White House "without a pang." That might explain why the present incumbent has decided not to lock himself out in advance.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD





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☆ 406 52	NOV 10	CASH	
☆ 0 00	14	IRONER	
☆ 323 75	14	WASHING MACHINE	
	17	RADIO	
	17	TUBES	
	17	DRIER	
	17	REFRIGERATOR	
☆ 904 50	23	TELEVISION SET	
☆ 1204 50	26	MISC SUPPLIES	
☆ 1506 07	26	WASHING MACHINE	
	29	IRONER	
☆ 1631 57	DEC 1	CASH	
☆ 1000 00	2	TUBES	
	2	RADIO	
☆ 1137 70	3	IRONER	



# BANKING SAINT OR LENDING SINNER?

By SIDNEY SHALETT

**T**HE RECONSTRUCTION Finance Corporation is under fire. From every indication, the RFC, plagued by the embarrassment of the Kaiser, Lustron and certain other loans, will be the target of another attempted whittling-down procedure on Capitol Hill at this session of Congress. And the RFC, which, like all established bureaucracies, doesn't like to be whittled, will resist.

It is likely to be an explosive battle, though probably not a decisive one. Certain legislators—particularly in the Senate—are angered by what they regard as continuing traces of the old RFC arrogance carried over from the high-wide-and-handsome Jesse Jones era. They also may suspect that there might be political pay-dirt in roughing up the RFC in an election year. On the other hand, the prospective "victim," that vast governmental financial catch-all created in the early '30's to shore up the crumbling economic structure of that time and now grown as amorphous as China, as hydra-headed as Hercules' serpent and as inseparable a part of the nation's economy as the hometown bank, has powerful weapons and arguments with which to fight back.

Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency subcommittee that deals with RFC, already has flung down the gauntlet. Unless he changes his mind, Fulbright intends to conduct a full-scale inquiry into the RFC's latest authorization of a \$44,400,000 loan to the Henry J. Kaiser interests,

**THE RFC was created in 1932 by ex-President Hoover to shore up our shaky economy. The emergency is gone but the agency has grown so much even Congress questions its activities**

already obligated to the Government in one way or other for some \$111,000,000. The senator who is aroused by numerous RFC policies, bluntly told the writer that the recent Kaiser-Frazer loan goes "beyond the purposes for which RFC was established" and that "I definitely feel the RFC should not use its power in such a way as to put the Government in business as such." "If the Government is to take over the running of ordinary businesses, such as the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation," he said, "it should be done by direct legislation and not indirectly by lending money."

Not only does RFC face this congressional dissatisfaction, but Thomas B. McCabe, chairman of the Federal Reserve system, has joined the attack by recommending that a large part of RFC's lending activities, particularly small business loans, be taken over by Federal Reserve Banks. And, also pending on the record is the recommendation of a majority of the Hoover Commission that RFC's operations be placed under the Secretary of the Treasury. "Direct lending by the Government to persons or enterprises," the majority opinion said, "opens up dangerous

possibilities of waste and favoritism to individuals or enterprises. It invites political and private pressure, or even corruption."

Just how far the critics will get remains to be seen. RFC has been scaled down steadily since the old empire-building days of the Jesse Jones era, and, in truth, under its present chairman, Harley Hise, a self-made and non-flamboyant western business man, has done a great deal toward trimming its own sails. But the corporation is too big, too powerful and too important to be easily kicked around.

What is the nature of this colossus of government lending agencies? What is its background? What is the true picture behind the mass of rhetoric and statistics that has made United States senators, embittered ex-RFC employees and angry business men denounce it as a money-squandering, favorite-playing, downright fraudulent agency, while others defend it as the savior of American business, the friend of the small business man and a needed bulwark against what they call "cold-hearted" private bankers?

The RFC came into being not as a do-gooding New Deal agency, as those with dim memories might



suppose, but as a creation of ex-President Hoover, the last Republican occupant of the White House, in 1932. It did an enormous job of saving sick banks, insurance and trust companies, and in bucking up groggy railroads and agricultural agencies. In those shaky days, it stood behind ailing financial institutions alone to the tune of \$1,334,744,454.

The initial "kitty" out of the taxpayers' money for RFC was \$500,000,000 capital stock. A ceiling on the amount of money the corporation could lend was fixed effectively at \$1,500,000,000 by a provision limiting its borrowing authority to that sum. From the beginning, RFC began expanding. Jones became, under President Roosevelt, its third chairman, and he knew how to make RFC hum. As we began preparing for war and eventually were drawn into conflict, the agency's borrowing authority was increased to nearly \$19,000,000,000—and even that staggering figure does not give an adequate picture of the corporation's scope. At the peak of the war, in addition to its lending and other widespread activities, RFC was parent to nine big war subsidiaries, involving a total investment of some \$23,000,000,000.

After the war, the agency, like the British Empire, began to retrench. The \$23,000,000,000 of war subsidiaries had to go; all but \$150,000,000 worth of the assets earmarked for disposal now has been liquidated in some manner or other. This does not include three surviving "war babies," too valuable from a national security standpoint to liquidate, which are being administered by the corporation's Office of Production, of which DeWitt C. Schieck, an RFC career man, is manager. These are 21 synthetic rubber plants, a tin smelter in Texas City, Texas, and five Central American fiber plantations, together representing a total capital investment of \$691,000,000.

In the years immediately following the war and continuing up through the present, many RFC loans came in for violent congressional criticism, particularly a series of advances to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, which began in the Jesse Jones days and which at one time reached a peak of \$84,563,276, the biggest railroad loan in the agency's history. By 1947, the Eightieth Congress (Republican) was giving serious thought as to RFC's future. The choices were whether to scale it

(Continued on page 80)

# \$1,700



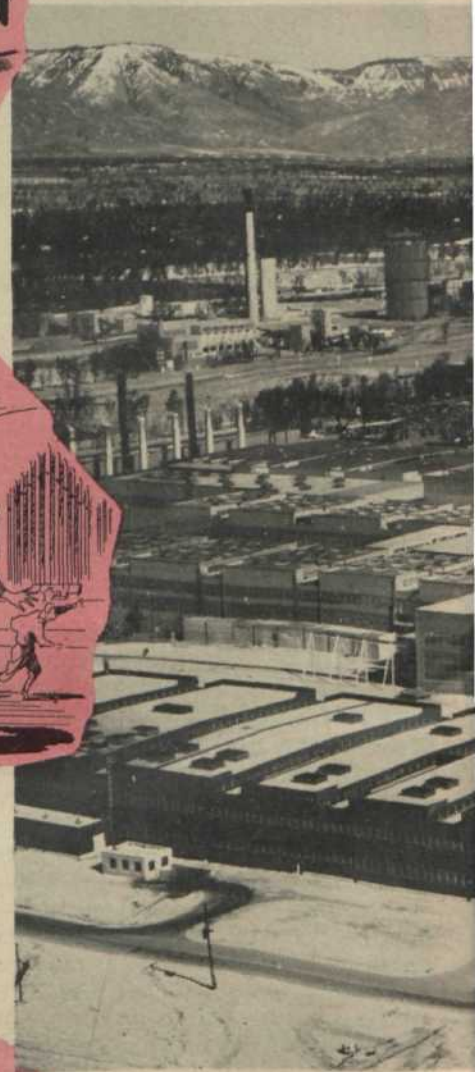
Automobile service stations have come in for loans along with such



mundane establishments as roller skating rinks, swimming clubs and



popcorn vendors. So also have florist shops, animal hospital



Senator Fulbright hit the warpath having tapped the RFC for funds



and country general stores. RFC has not passed over such spots



# 000,000 RFC Loans to:



Snack bars, candy stores, ice cream plants have got theirs



Resort hotels, motels and tourist camps won a place on the rolls

When Kaiser obtained additional millions after for the huge Fontana steel plant

PACIFIC AIR INDUSTRIES



as car lots, juke box operators and sporting goods storekeepers



Beauty shops, too, have rated a place among the receivers of aid



along with photographic studios and various flying clubs





Gallup sees the need for better data to determine the intensity of interest



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

# THE POLL TRUTH AND

By STANLEY FRANK

"I DON'T believe in election polls," Elmo Roper says. "As a scientist, I don't like the idea of influencing my own measuring sticks. As a citizen, I don't like the lower caliber of candidates polls produce. The best men in a party won't run if they know in advance they will take a licking. I got mixed up in these things against my will, and if I ever do another one it will be for pure ego, just to prove I can be right."

This violent aversion to predicting the results of political elections did not spring full-born from Roper's head on the night of Nov. 2, 1948, when the roof fell on him and Messrs. George Gallup and Archibald Crossley. Back in February, 1942, Roper said publicly, among other things: "I see little social value in having a foreknowledge of what election results are to be." Gallup and Crossley may disagree with him on that one, but the three analysts still insist, despite the fiasco of 1948, that it is

a cinch to forecast accurately any election—if the people will translate thought into action.

If this appears to be a weaseling attempt to shift the blame for their glaring mistakes in the Truman-Dewey campaign, it should be noted at the outset that Roper, Gallup and Crossley admit they were spectacularly wrong. They make this confession with more good grace than you would expect from "experts" who have had their brains knocked out by second-guessers.

As every literate American knows, the three leading polling agencies predicted the ascension of Thomas E. Dewey to the presidency by an overwhelming margin. Gallup gave Mr. Truman 44.5 per cent of the popular vote and Crossley 44.8 per cent. Roper stopped sampling public opinion Sept. 9, 1948, eight weeks before the election, when he found that Mr. Truman, with only 37.1 per cent, would go down to a crushing defeat com-

parable only to Alfred M. Landon's in the Roosevelt landslide of 1936.

What happened will be remembered as the greatest upset in our political history. Mr. Truman renewed his lease on the White House with 49.5 per cent of the vote. Dewey's 45.1 per cent was from four and a half to seven points less than the figures anticipated for him by the dopesters.

"I was just as wrong and lousy as I could be," Crossley says:

"Poll-taking is still an infant science," Gallup concedes. "We still have an awful lot to learn about probing intentions as well as attitudes."

"I could not have been more wrong," Roper announced the day after the election. "The thing that bothers me most at this moment is that I don't know why I was wrong."

Roper, Gallup and Crossley, whistle the patter, have since picked themselves up off the floor, got the number of the truck that



## AT LAST the pollsters have found out what caused them to stick their necks out for Dewey in the 1948 fiasco

hit them and determined what led them to stick their necks out for Dewey. Their conclusions, and the factors that contribute to same, are of vital concern to every citizen in America.

The first, and overwhelmingly significant, point they draw is that the United States, traditionally regarded as Republican since the Civil War, now belongs to the Democratic party. It was axiomatic among practical politicians that the Democrats assumed power only during periods of crisis or as the result of Republican ineptitude. Following Abraham Lincoln, that rule-of-thumb seemed to hold true for more than 80 years.

Grover Cleveland won in 1884 largely through the defaults of the Grant, Hayes and Arthur administrations and he was re-elected

eight years later during the economic upheaval of the early 1890's. Woodrow Wilson squeezed through the Bull Moose split in 1912 and the war in Europe returned him to office in '16 by the wafer-thin margin of 1,904 votes in California. The depression swept Franklin D. Roosevelt into the White House and the popular appeal of his New Deal program and the war emergency kept him there for three more elections.

Going into the 1948 campaign, the domestic and international situations had simmered down to the slow boil which is likely to keep all of us in a stew for the remainder of our lifetimes. The economic collapse anticipated—mostly by the Russians—had been confined to a recession which bruised many people but left few permanent scars.

The bipartisan foreign policy eliminated contention in the international sphere. The Democrats and Republicans saw eye to eye on essential points of the civil rights program, perhaps the most inflammatory domestic issue of the day. Why, then, did Mr. Truman, an 18 to one underdog in the betting, win despite the defections of the Wallace and Thurmond followers?

The answer, as the pollsters see it, is the emergence of organized labor as the most important political force of the last decade. "Unions are almost a perfect mechanism for political purposes," Gallup says. "The Republicans have not yet awakened fully to that fact of political life. If they hope to win in the near future, they must get rid of the 'party of privilege' label. Labor two years ago did a quieter, but much more effective, job of getting out the vote for Mr. Truman than it ever did for Roosevelt. The fact that the traditional positions of the two major parties today are exactly reversed can be attributed entirely to labor's support of the Democratic platform."

According to Gallup, labor

## NOTHING BUT —



People who were for Dewey and did not vote for him upset the experts, including Roper



unions have supplanted the old political machines as an efficient vehicle for getting out the vote. Like all others who have done research in the field, Gallup has found the least political awareness among wives of unskilled laborers. "Ask my husband. He tells me how to vote," is the stock answer given to interviewers. Unions, after indoctrinating the husbands, make sure the wives vote by providing baby-sitters and buses for transportation to the polls.

The second lesson the pollsters learned—the hard way—is that campaigns do influence votes. Again, this uprooted several cherished concepts, notably Farley's law. When Jim Farley was national chairman of the Democratic party, he operated on the theory that no votes were changed after the middle of September, a proposition everyone apparently believed with the exception of Harry S. Truman. Roper concedes that his "most spectacular" mistake was discounting the effect of Mr. Truman's whirlwind campaign in the month preceding election, a performance that was given greater impact by Dewey's apathetic stumping and speechifying.

Independent surveys by various public opinion institutes have shown that one voter in every seven was undecided two weeks before election—of these 75 per cent cast their ballots for Mr. Truman.

The President's campaign assumed monumental importance in the light of these figures. They mean that Mr. Truman swung 5,250,000 votes in the last two weeks—and his final margin was 2,136,336.

Those last two weeks lowered the boom on the pollsters and knocked their neat, precise statistics into the junk pile. That is the great, incontestable lesson they have learned, and it is one they are not likely to forget in future operations. The most valid poll is the one taken closest to election. The chances are that Messrs. Roper, Gallup and Crossley will be putting their ears to the ground in August and September of 1952 and publishing their findings, but such preliminary reports will be clearly marked in triplicate as *trends* rather than definitive *opinions*. You won't catch them going out on a limb until mid-October.

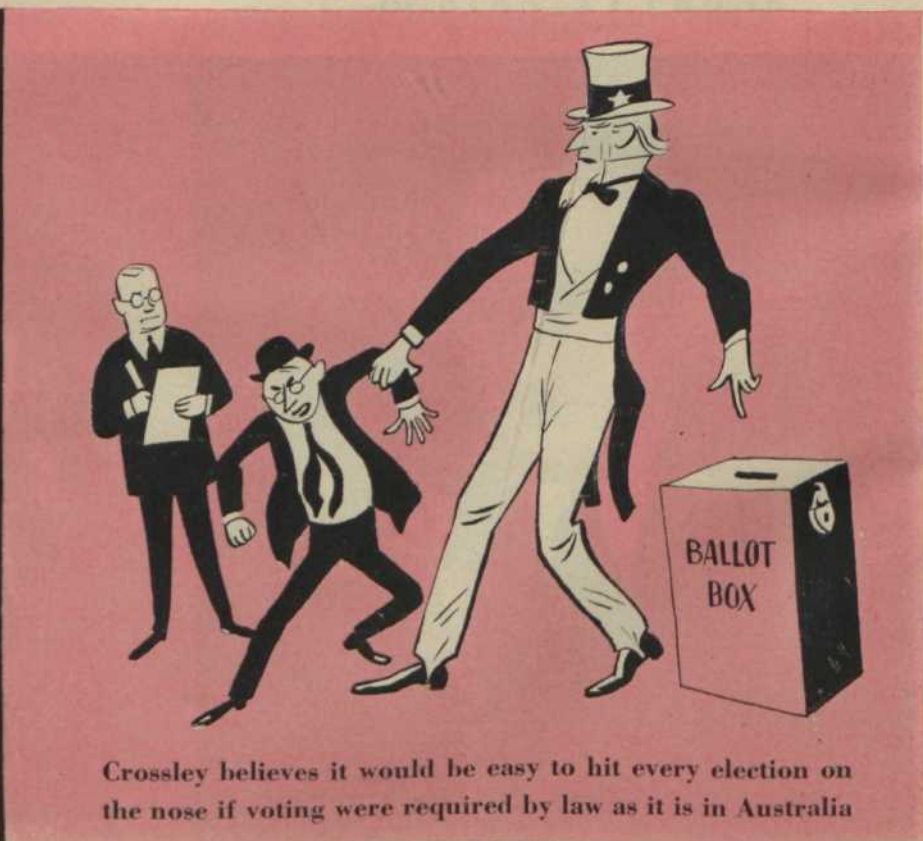
"You'll have to take this at face value because I can't document it," Crossley reveals. "A couple of weeks before the election I told friends that Mr. Truman might win if the campaign ran a month longer. All my reports showed a rising Truman trend as Wallace's support evaporated and the Dixiecrat movement bogged down. To be perfectly truthful, though, I told my own family on election night that I didn't see how Mr. Truman possibly could win. Any way you look at it, I was wrong."

Roper began to feel that his stomach was a butterfly nest as the campaign went into the final weeks. He knew his Truman figure of 37.1 was going to look pretty silly. A poll compiled late in October gave Mr. Truman 44 per cent of the vote which, although well off the mark, was a far more respectable estimate than he had made Sept. 9, 1948, when he announced he would release no more figures barring a "political miracle." Roper, in fact, did provide himself with a safety net the day before election when he wrote:

"Frustrations of intention and confusions of procedure will harass an unpredictable proportion of voters in many states. It is likely that neither Wallace nor Thurmond will have as many ballots counted for them tomorrow night as there were people who wanted to vote for them—and it is likely that Mr. Truman will be the recipient of a roughly corresponding gain."

Like the bush-league shortstop who judged every bounce correctly except the last one, Roper immediately proceeded to put himself back on the hook. "But in my opinion, none of this matters at all. No political miracles have taken place. I stand by my prediction. Dewey is in."

Apropos of the imperative need for last-minute sampling, Gallup (Continued on page 72)



Crossley believes it would be easy to hit every election on the nose if voting were required by law as it is in Australia



# Every Patient Has His Day

By FRED DeARMOND

**SOCIALIZED** medicine got a slap when Alameda, Calif., doctors policed their own house



**I**N AN Oakland, Calif., court recently, a doctor suing a patient for collection of a bill found as defense counsel the attorney for his own county medical association. Chief witness for the defendant was the doctor who headed the organization's committee on the distribution of medical care. The plaintiff lost.

An expectant mother had chosen this doctor for her prenatal care. After four visits to his office she was informed that a Caesarean operation would be required. She rejected this judgment, dismissed the doctor and consulted another. Later, her baby was born in the normal way. She had paid the first doctor \$25, and when he presented a bill for \$50, the balance of his fee of \$75 for full prenatal care, she complained to the Alameda County Medical Association. Its committee investigated her story and heard the doctor's side of it, then ruled that she had paid enough. After the doctor had rejected this decision and brought suit, he found the power and prestige of his own professional organization arrayed against him because he had been declared in the wrong.

Several years ago the ACMA appraised medical public relations

and was not pleased with what it found. In spite of the amazing progress of medical science, there was a strong current of dissatisfaction and of griping about the doctors.

When the clamor was sifted down and separated from the current political agitation to socialize the profession, it was found to rest principally on three counts: 1, that it was often hard for people of small means to get a doctor in an emergency; 2, that fees charged were so high in many instances that middle-class people were more ill-doctored as a group than the indigent; 3, that the doctors

have a union that shields the incompetents and the get-rich-quickers in their ranks.

A program was organized to rebuild public relations from the ground up. The association first tried to correct anything about doctor-patient relationships that might give rise to these three criticisms. ACMA doctors began with a critical self-examination, on the theory that good public relations consists about 90 per cent in correcting those shortcomings that cause bad public relations. At the same time they supplied public information on those points where the trouble seemed to stem from





misapprehensions of medical service.

To make sure that anyone who needed a doctor in a hurry could get one, they placed attendants on duty at the association offices, prepared to get a doctor for anyone anywhere in the county at any time, regardless of financial status. They guaranteed that this responsibility had been assumed and even used the newspapers to tell the public so in ads like this:

**WANTED**—Information concerning anyone in Alameda County who believes he cannot get needed medical care because he hasn't the means to pay his doctor. Call the Alameda County Medical Association, through which the ethical private physicians in this county guarantee medical care to everyone.

This responsibility may be compared with that of a public utility to serve all the people in its area. "Our members represent a virtual monopoly," says Rollen Waterson, executive secretary of the association. "The association, therefore, accepts broad public responsibilities for the delivery of needed medical care to everyone, regardless of the time, the day, the patient's inability to pay, or any other consideration. It seeks to protect patients from, or to gain redress or compensation for injury, neglect, incompetence, excessive fees, or any other malpractice or unethical act of its members. It attempts to maintain a suitable climate for constructive competition under a free enterprise system which constantly improves the quality and holds down the cost of medical care."

**PUBLIC** welfare agencies existed for those unable to pay anything when they were sick. But the medical service was rendered mostly by doctors in private practice.

Nevertheless, there was also an educational task to perform before the public could utilize medical service properly. It was necessary to explain that this responsibility is collective and not individual. It does not mean that any particular physician must go anywhere at any time he is called. That would leave no real liberty or choice of action for the doctor. A misapprehension on this point has caused numberless unjustified complaints of unethical conduct by doctors because they declined to make certain calls.

Citizens were counseled to estab-

lish doctor-patient relationships, so that they could be assured of the services of a particular physician when they were needed.

In trying to get to the root of the alleged high cost of medical care, the association leaders found the question resolved itself into two phases—the ability of the patient to pay and the value of the service rendered. Both are capable of determination, says Waterson.

When there is any question of ability to pay, the association's social worker, Muriel Hunter, enters the picture, either by referral from the doctor or through a direct appeal by the patient. Mrs. Hunter, a specialist in this field before she joined the ACMA staff, discusses the economic problem with the patient. If the cost of treatment appears to be too much of a burden, she proposes to patient and doctor a fee that seems to be within the former's ability to pay. The doctor is almost invariably agreeable to her recommendation.

In other instances the patient may receive a bill that he doesn't feel able to pay, or that he regards as excessive for the service rendered. In those cases he may go directly to the association and state his grievance, with the assurance that the complaint will be adjusted on its merits.

A typical example is that of a factory worker whose two children had been treated regularly by a specialist for an allergy over a period of 18 months. His wages were \$72 a week. He had paid the doctor \$1,079 in addition to \$590 for drugs. He still owed the doctor a bill of \$560 when his wife, at the suggestion of their druggist, appealed to the association. In reviewing the problem with the family, Mrs. Hunter learned that they were renters, owned no automobile, and had been forced to drop their life insurance. At that time the father was not employed steadily. On the basis of this information the doctor was induced to cancel the balance of his bill and arrangements were made for the family to use county facilities in continuing the treatment.

These cases involving fee complaints are cleared through the committee on the distribution of medical care, which hears both sides and tries to make a fair decision. It takes pride in being no more on the side of the doctor than of the patient.

A young doctor, new in practice, made a house call to see a sick man. While there he noticed that the patient's wife had a cold, and gave

her a prescription. Later, he called back and treated both husband and wife, then billed them for four home calls. This raised the question of the value of the service rendered. When the committee investigated, it found the doctor to be under the impression that unless he charged in this way he would be regarded as a "price cutter" by his colleagues. He was admonished on this point and at the committee's suggestion cheerfully reduced his fee by one half. Here the trouble was a misunderstanding by the doctor.

The doctor is by no means always at fault in excessive fee complaints. In fact, it has been found in Alameda County that by far the largest cause of complaint is the patient's failure to understand just what is covered by a fee. One man was vehement because he had been charged \$40 for "one office visit." That looked like Shylock was masquerading in the robe of Hippocrates until the facts were brought out. The patient, at his own request, had been given a thorough examination, including cardiograph, fluoroscope and extensive laboratory work.

**P**EOPLE are often surprised when it is pointed out to them that the fee paid to a doctor is not by any means net compensation for his personal services—that he usually has a payroll of his own and always overhead to meet, just as a business has. Also, his fee represents on the average only about one quarter of the cost of a serious illness, the other three fourths going for medicines, nurses, hospital care, etc., to say nothing of the time loss.

The lay conception of medical ethics as something like that of a labor union's by-laws by which doctors run a professional closed shop was another thing the ACMA sought to correct. People said that if a doctor committed criminal abortion he could be disciplined; that nothing much could be done about any lesser infraction of ethics.

To the doctor, malpractice has always been an ugly word and he winces at the thought of sitting on a witness stand while a lawyer asks yes and no questions. His legal responsibility is an abstraction shrouded in statute, precedent and court interpretation. He knows he cannot guarantee his product as can a manufacturer of a machine or a building material. He deals with something far more tenuous. Yet it must be recognized that



through inattention or ignorance a physician may do direct injury to a patient's body.

Malpractice insurance is usually a liability contract between an insurance company and the individual doctor. In Alameda County, association members are insured under the blanket arrangement. The association insures its members, with a company underwriting the "shock risk." Rates paid vary according to the claims experience of the whole group. That gives each member a direct interest in keeping down claims. More than that, he is interested in preventing those lapses that may end in malpractice suits.

To correct the impression that doctors are in an unholy league to protect inefficient practitioners so long as they hold an M.D. degree, the association set up its medical protective committee. It acts as a sort of unofficial small claims court where patients can take the complaints of bad practice. Member doctors report mishaps that may have potentialities for litigation.

The committee set itself the ob-

ject of protecting the patient as much as the doctor member. No effort is made to prevent the facts being disclosed in a court of law. If it is decided there has been actual malpractice, a reasonable sum is offered in settlement. If this is not accepted, the committee lets the case go to court with the open admission of responsibility, leaving only the amount of damages to be assessed. Should the committee decide there has been no malpractice, no compromise is offered. The case is contested, even if it should cost far more than a settlement out of court.

Sometimes medical advice given in good faith may appear in the light of subsequent events to be open to the charge of malpractice. This happened when a baby was brought to an Oakland doctor's office in a state of extreme dehydration. He concluded at once that there was no hope for the child, and in the effort to save the parents needless expense, advised them to take it home. There it died three and a half hours later. When the family complained, the com-

mittee felt that in spite of the practical certainty of imminent death, the doctor should have ordered hospitalization. The \$1,000 asked by the parents was paid.

One of the evils that has grown out of the recent tide of malpractice suits is that fear of later criticism forces the physician to resort to time-consuming and expensive procedures that his judgment tells him are unnecessary except as measures to protect himself. If he is to close all avenues to the charge of negligence, every bump calls for an X-ray, and every vague symptom for laboratory analyses.

On the other hand, the specter of malpractice suits sometimes places the doctor under a constraint that may inhibit him from taking measures such as radical surgery that may be the only hope of saving a life.

A typical inquiry received at the ACMA office was from a doctor with a leukemia patient who required frequent blood transfusions. The patient had reached the stage where each transfusion caused a progressively severe reaction that might itself result in death. On the other hand, the patient would certainly die without it. Where did this problem leave the doctor with regard to possible malpractice action? He was assured of protection in the course which his professional judgment dictated.

It is not sufficiently realized that the conscientious doctor is aware of his own mistakes and shortcomings. He takes his profession seriously, indeed. One such doctor in Alameda County, while treating a patient for a throat infection, picked up the wrong bottle and used a highly caustic solution. It was a painful ordeal for the patient, although fortunately no permanent injury resulted. The strange part of the story is what happened to the doctor. He was so violently upset by the mishap that the incident provoked an attack of coronary thrombosis that forced his retirement. The patient was allowed \$300 by the medical protective committee.

A situation difficult to assess was that of the woman who consulted a general practitioner about a pain in the lower back. She was X-rayed without any finding. A few days later she was back again. This time an X-ray of the pelvic region was taken, still without discovering anything. After that the patient went to an orthopedist who located a fracture in one of the lumbar vertebrae and sent her to a hospital. Later, she claimed that delay

(Continued on page 90)



When ability to pay is an issue a social aide checks family status



# Wizards of the Basement

By MILTON LEHMAN

**I**N THIS nation of inventors, nobody is surprised if father, ordinarily a calm and placid man, drops his evening paper and streaks for his basement workshop. Most of us expect him to emerge, half an hour later, with a broad smile and a wonderful gadget worth exactly \$1,000,000. It all seems so easy. To patent his invention, father must merely prove that it is novel, useful and workable. The Patent Office, representing his grateful countrymen, will then award him

**HAVE YOU AN IDEA for a gadget that is going to sell like hot cakes and make a million? Chances are good that many people have tried to patent it before**



17 years of protection against those who would kidnap his brain-child. After that, father will simply collect his royalty checks.

But that's not the way I heard it in the search room of the United States Patent Office, where inventors in shabby clothes and patent attorneys with fat briefcases come daily in hope of not finding an invention like their own. The search room, a high-domed, cavernous hall in Washington, is our nation's shrine to ingenuity. It is also a proving ground for our basement wizards, whose search for a new idea usually ends in the appalling discovery that somebody else thought of it first.

Few visitors to Washington find their way to the search room and those who do aren't much impressed. While I was there, a party of tourists wandered in, stared at the rows of church-like pews, where attorneys and inventors were flipping patent cards and muttering to themselves. They studied an aging engineer in threadbare clothes, his shirt-sleeves ringed by perspiration, examining patents through fogged bifocals. After a few moments, the visitors' eyes got glassy and one of them yawned in the face of a passing inventor.

"Sir," the offended inventor exclaimed, "if it weren't for this room, you'd all be running naked, chasing each other with clubs!"

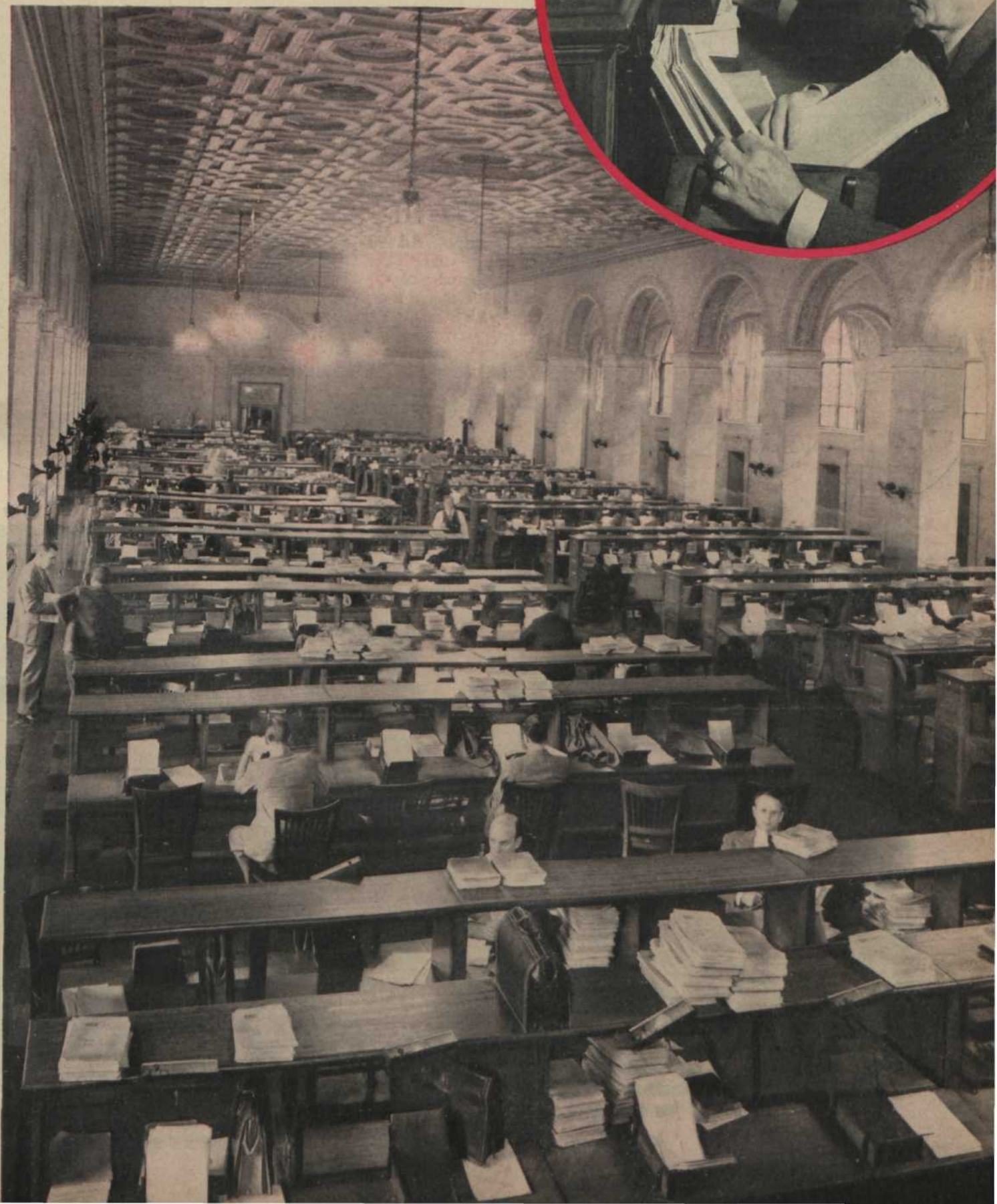
Perhaps the inventor exaggerated, but, as the world's great repository of human invention, the search room concerns every Ameri-

E. H. Brown, patent search room chief, confers with lawyers

PHOTOS BY GEORGE LOHR



# Workshop





can with the possible exception of Nature Boy. In mammoth stacks flanking the room are more than 2,500,000 U. S. patents, the legacy of the few celebrated and the many unknown inventors who put us ahead of the world in industry and comfort. Here are the epic inventions of Elias Howe's sewing machine and Cyrus McCormick's reaper, of Whitney's cotton gin, Morse's telegraph, Bell's telephone, Mergenthaler's linotype and the thousand devices of Thomas Edison. Here are inventions from the cradle to the grave: an infant's crib, a schoolboy's bicycle, an old man's cane and a coffin with bell attached, which allows a person accidentally buried alive to sound the alarm.

But the search room is far more than a storehouse of invention. It is here that the modern basement inventor learns the odds against his \$1,000,000 idea. It's about time, now, that his strange, depressing and sometimes heroic story is told.

Today, the odds against father's \$1,000,000, or any modest part of it, would make the most hard-hearted race track bookie wince. Last year, inventors and their lawyers brought a third of a million ideas to the search room for study. They quickly abandoned three fourths of them as having been thought of before. Of the 70,000 remaining, about half were rejected as useless, unworkable or

old. Of the patents granted, less than 20 per cent brought father enough money to trouble him when he paid his income tax.

As if these odds were not enough, the inventor's own nature compounds them. On his first trip to the search room, he is usually suspicious and refuses to say what he's invented, even to Elton H. Brown, the plump, white-haired chief of the room. After 27 years in charge, Brown knows that most ideas are old and can prove it, but he never says: "Oh, I've heard that one before." Instead, he puts on a look of rapt interest whenever a novice comes to his desk. But for all his amiability, Brown is suspected at least once a day of stealing a \$1,000,000 idea and is sometimes accused of downright theft.

Recently, a woman inventor rushed up to Brown, her pocketbook crammed with papers. She had been making a search on a bold device to pare and slice potatoes in one operation. "Where is my drawing?" she cried. "What have you done with it?" Then she burst into tears. Brown finally succeeded in calming her, helped her look through her pocketbook and turned up the missing sketch.

Whenever Brown sights a new inventor, he takes a firm grip on his swivel chair and leans forward expectantly. The other day, an elderly newcomer came to his desk, peered sharply about and whis-

pered: "I want to make a search."

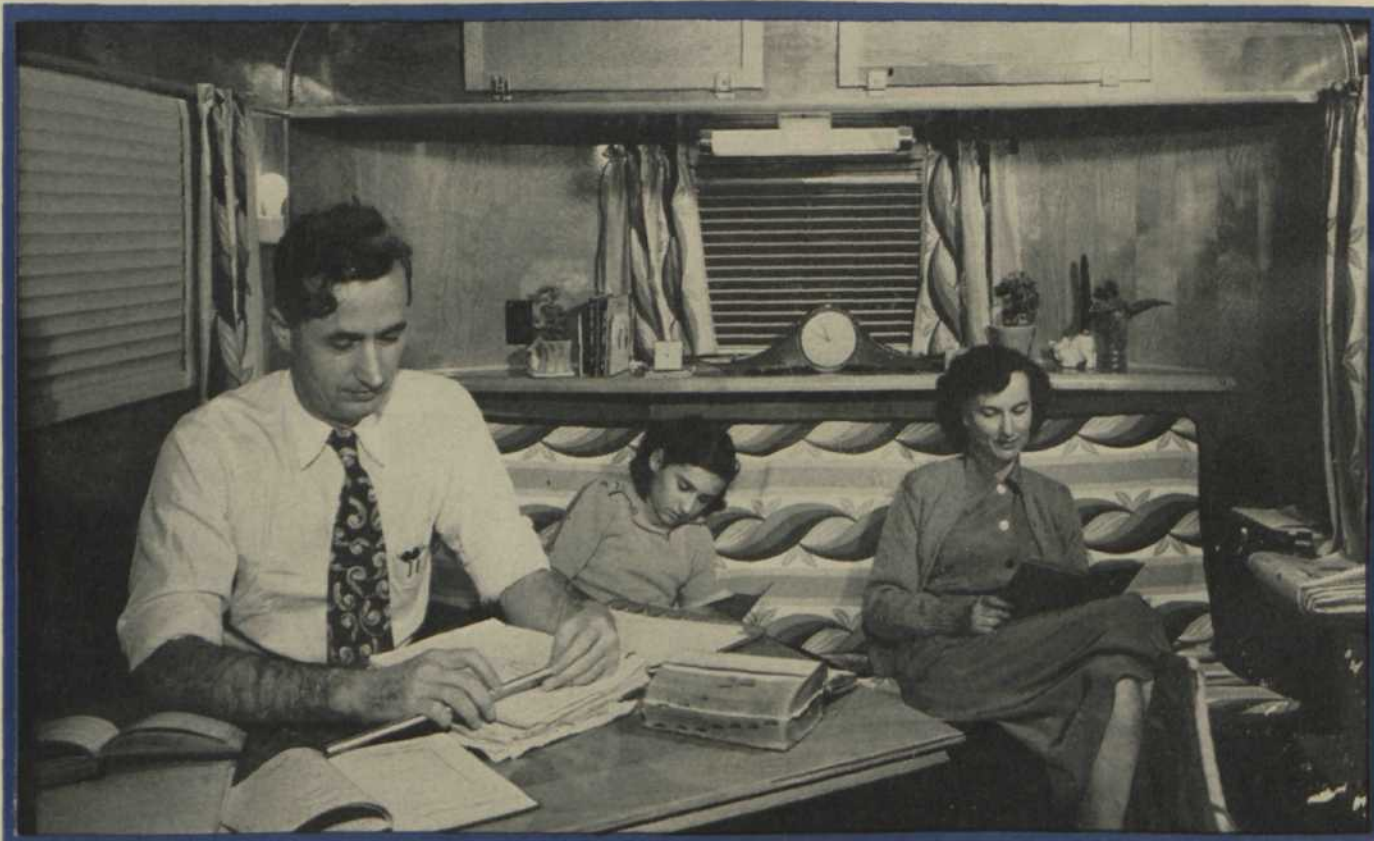
"What is your invention?" Brown inquired cautiously, his pencil poised over his scratch pad.

"Oh," gasped the novice, "I can't tell you that!"

The newcomer went outside, smoked nervously for a while and then came back. Waiting his turn in line, he listened to a veteran inventor inquire: "Where do I find a double-headed knife for opening oysters?" He heard a patent attorney declare: "Brownie, I'm looking for a varilength, tandem, self-aligning gauge." The novice edged in closer, still hesitant. "My invention," he said softly, "has something to do with automobiles."

Brown finally worked the secret out of him, getting him to specify what part of the automobile his invention concerned and showed him where to look. "To help the new inventor, you've got to gain his confidence, or make him mad, or jar his idea loose," Brown told me later. "It goes against his nature to say what he's got. Of course, he has nothing to fear in the search room."

Patent attorneys offer would-be inventors some Dutch uncle advice. "Specialize and master your field," one of them says. "Be sure there's room for improvement and that you're solving a problem that needs solving." Another attorney warns: "The great day of the basement  
(Continued on page 64)



Eugene Irasek, Washington inventor, may have a useful gearless transmission



C. H. Moses, utility executive,  
tells about the workings of  
Arkansas' development plan



# What This Town Needs . . . .

By NORMAN KUHNE

**S**CARCELY a day goes by in any community without some resident telling anyone willing to listen something like this:

"Now what our town needs is . . ."

"The trouble with this town is . . ."

"We're never going to get anywhere in this town until . . ."

Forget the chronic complainers. Usually such statements preface constructive suggestions by citizens eager to make their home towns better places to live.

Civic leaders everywhere have sought to translate this latent desire for progress into ways to build better communities. A plan which does just that marks its second anniversary in Arkansas this month. It's a joint enterprise of

**CITIES that have long desired civic improvement needn't wait any longer. Here's what's happening in Arkansas**

private industry, business associations and state government called the Community Development Clinic Program. Working hand in hand to build better home towns in the Wonder State are the Arkansas Economic Council-State Chamber of Commerce, the Arkansas Power and Light Company, the state government's Resources and Development Commission and some 100 local chambers of commerce.

In numerous towns and cities people have learned what they can accomplish by accepting the responsibility of good citizenship. The community clinic program promises to become a vital force in other places, with several states, cities and even foreign countries having investigated the plan with a view to adopting it.

The Arkansas program has aroused such interest because it can be adapted to meet the needs



of the most, as well as the least, advanced community. Such clinics can stimulate multimillion dollar projects like airports and public buildings or modest improvements like neighborhood playgrounds. They can insure the developed area against civic complacency and the underdeveloped against stagnation.

Fort Smith, a bustling city of 50,000 in western Arkansas, for years had been pursuing an active development program through its chamber of commerce and other organizations. But this community, like many others, had come to depend on a small group of "old reliables" willing to work. And business men never were sure the projects they sponsored were those with widest popular support.

A community clinic transfused new blood into the Fort Smith program. It disclosed the names of several hundred persons willing to work, many of them already active on various committees. What's more, civic leaders know their present program includes projects considered most important, which makes it truly a community undertaking.

Fort Smith's clinic highlighted the need for new streets. Many older thoroughfares, paved with brick, were breaking up. After the clinic, a group of citizens per-

suaded the city council to adopt ordinances permitting the formation of street-improvement districts. A delegation called on the county judge who controls state-aid highway funds. He agreed to release \$115,000 provided the city would raise \$57,000. Householders whose properties are on the streets to be repaved will put up the balance. Eight street-improvement districts are being created and work will begin this spring.

Favorable action on a \$650,000 bond issue for school improvements also is credited to the clinic by Arthur Murphy, Fort Smith chamber manager, as are a dozen other projects.

**T**HROUGHOUT Arkansas, cities and towns are erecting public buildings, beautifying highway approaches, establishing parks and playgrounds, constructing youth centers, building farm-to-market roads, providing off-street parking facilities, extending water and sewer mains and doing numerous other things toward a higher standard of living and greater human comfort.

In many communities local residents say they've moved ahead faster in the two years the clinic program has been operating than in any previous decade. And the accomplishments have been things

the hometown folks considered of first importance.

To see how a community clinic works, let's examine one I attended at Dardanelle, a town of 2,000 in west central Arkansas.

At nine a.m. 56 Dardanelle business men, farmers, housewives and workingmen met in the American Legion club room on the town's main thoroughfare. They were greeted by Warren McGuire, a grocer and president of the local chamber of commerce, who explained the purpose of the meeting. Then McGuire introduced I. J. Steed, chief planning officer of the Arkansas Resources and Development Commission, to lead discussion.

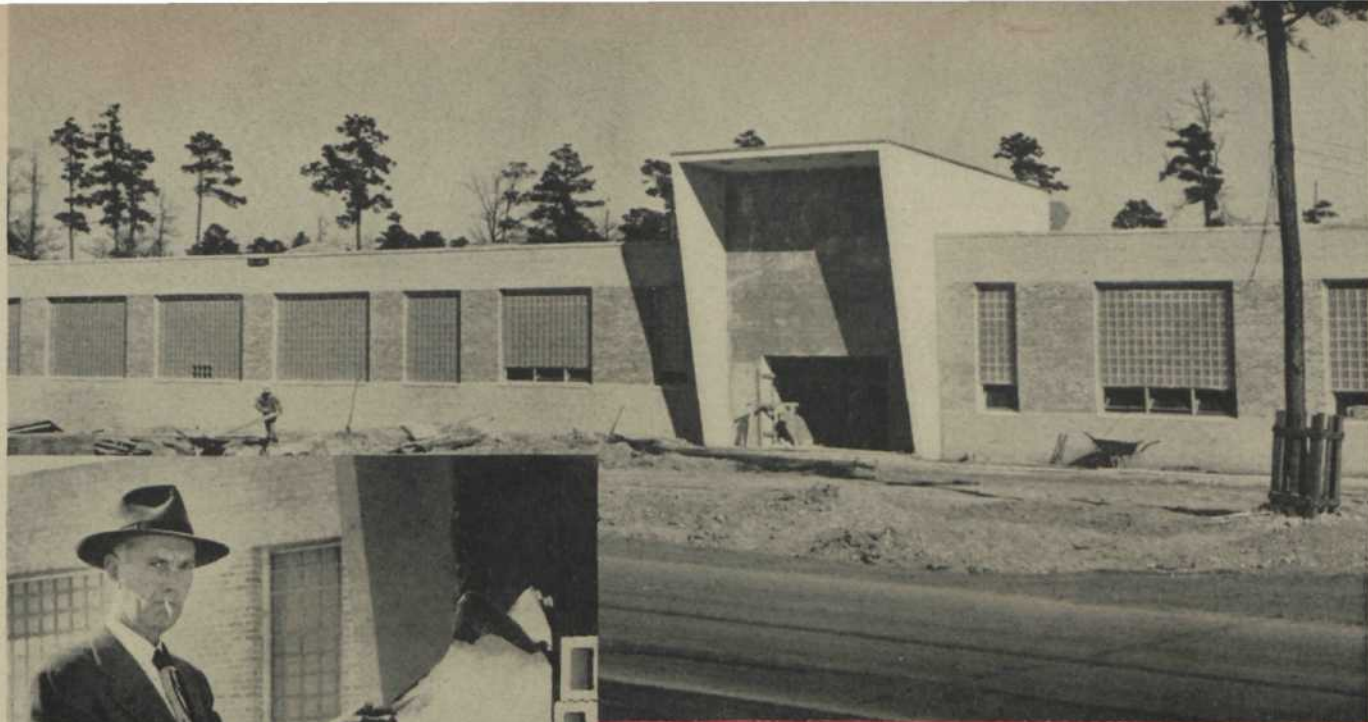
Steed explained the basic needs of any community. His was no high flown lecture. It was the conversation of a man reared on an Arkansas farm, just like many of his listeners.

He discussed practical industries, up-to-date stores and service establishments, market facilities for farmers, accommodations and attractions for tourists. He stressed the social factors: schools, libraries, churches, recreational facilities, art and music. Then there were the physical factors: condition of streets and sidewalks, municipal services, appearance of public buildings and grounds, look



I. J. Steed, planning chief, addresses a session held at Dardanelle, Ark., late last fall





LARRY OBSITNIK

Pine Bluff owes much of its progress to Q. C. Shores, checking a blueprint in front of new cotton textile manufacturing plant

of private homes, vacant lots and highway approaches.

By talking about things that apply to any town, Steed established a yardstick for Dardanelle—one with which the townspeople themselves could measure the standing of their own community.

He distributed five by eight inch cards on which was space for the writer to jot down the things he thought Dardanelle needed. Each person was asked to sign his name and address and signify if he were willing to work on a committee that might be created to carry out the projects in which he was most interested.

The meeting lasted a little more than an hour and, at 10:30, a second group arrived for a similar session. This group, too, represented a cross section of community interests. In the course of a two-day clinic, Steed held 14 meetings with groups ranging in size from 30 to 60, including one with the high school senior class and another with a delegation of colored citizens who account for about 20 percent of the local population.

In all, 487 townspeople filled out cards. About half said they would work for the projects suggested. Such suggestions ranged from street and sidewalk paving, which would entail a sizable bond issue, to cleaning up a river bank dump

which would require an afternoon's work by volunteers. There were lofty proposals like one calling for the construction of a local library to supplement the county bookmobile service. There were homely ones like that advocating "wet toilets" in the outlying sections.

His briefcase full of suggestions, Steed returned to Little Rock to prepare a report. The cards were tabulated and the project most frequently suggested became No. 1, and on down the line.

**A**FTER listing desired improvements in tabular form, the report took up what the people said they wanted. One man mentioned the need of a traffic light at a highway intersection. The report noted the specific corner. Another man proposed repaving an intersection on a back street and the report listed that. An appendix named those attending the clinic, their chief interest, their willingness to work on a committee.

Mimeographed copies of the report were returned to the Dardanelle chamber's board of directors for action. At this writing it's still too early to tell how the community will follow through on the proposed program but, if experience elsewhere is any guide, results will show.

The fact that large numbers of people turn out to discuss local problems and suggest their own course of action has awakened a civic consciousness that formerly lay dormant in many Arkansas communities. In a dozen towns I visited, business leaders said that their clinic had generated enough interest in local projects to insure favorable action on bond issues that otherwise might have failed.

Typical was a \$165,000 sewage disposal plant and sewer main extension project in Bentonville, a city of 3,500 in the northwest corner of the state. The issue had been hanging fire for several years and was coming up for a vote with the outlook none too favorable. But after a community clinic, held a week before the election in April, 1948, the picture changed.

People began to talk it up. Business men like Arthur Smith, president of the bank; Clayton Little, deputy prosecuting attorney; Terry Peel, realtor; Roy Stewart, steel fabricator; and J. C. Knott got on the phone and kept their lines busy telling associates to get out and vote. Others made a block-by-block canvass.

When the ballots were counted, the bond issue carried by a vote of 368 to 227. According to Bruce Williams, manager of the Bentonville

(Continued on page 68)









# Ricochet

By GEORGES SURDEZ

**T**HE INCIDENT happened on a sailing ship off Cape Horn when I was four years old. Because of it, there is a man in New York who is afraid of me, who believes I have occult powers and who would be happy to put poison in my drink.

When I was four, I lived in a small town in Switzerland, and it was 16 years later that I became connected with the business at all. I was in a compartment on a train in West Africa. Cape Horn, Switzerland, West Africa, 16 years elapsed, some few thousands of miles in between.

The train was the narrow-gauge that runs northward through the Ivory Coast. I was there in the most natural way, employed by an American timber firm. I was taking a score of Kru boys—most of whom were men older than I was—from the coast as far as Agboville by rail. From there, we were to proceed on foot through the forest to a mahogany concession.

The compartment was tiny, like everything else on the train. If you kept the windows closed, it grew hot and stuffy. If they were opened, live sparks from the burning wood popped in to burn your skin and clothing. We were white men in that compartment. One was a Frenchman, a government employe with braid on his collar and cuffs. The other was named William Smithson, or something as Anglo-Saxon.

I was a bit awed by him. I knew he was a roving inspector for an important British trading company, and that his job probably paid between 3,- and 4,000 pounds yearly plus expenses.

"You speak very good French for an American," he suddenly remarked in English, during one of our companion's naps.

"And you, for an Englishman!"

Then we laughed, because we both spoke accented English. We compared notes, and hit on the first coincidence: He had been born in France, just across the border from my home. We had attended the same French school, 20 years apart! My principal had been his professor of history. My own story was soon told, very banal—my family had emigrated to the United States. I had my present job because I knew French.

I remarked that it was much more astonishing to find a born Frenchman with such an English name. Smithson opened a sizable leather bag, produced a bottle of Scotch and some fine Jamaica cigars. We had miles to cover and little to do. So he talked.

"It still strikes me as very odd at times," he confessed. "It is an incredible story when you think of it, although it seems ordinary enough to me, because I took things step by step.

"I was discharged from the army after my regular term of service. I was 24. My father had died years before, and my mother died within six weeks of my return. I knew a trade, cabinetmaking. But I was restless. I sold the house we owned, and after paying debts and so on, I had 2,500 francs to my credit.

"That was a sum in those days, 100 pounds sterling. I changed it into gold, 100 franc pieces. I put them in a leather belt to be worn next to my skin.

"The whole thing weighed a couple of pounds, a detail that has some importance.

"My first plan was to go to America. But a friend made a suggestion that changed the course of my life. Why need I pay for my passage? He knew somebody in Nantes who could get me aboard a ship sailing for Frisco. I went to Nantes and took the first available ship, *La Grasse*, a four-master bound for Australia.

"Some men are born seamen, I was not. It was a hard trade to learn. Most of the men were Breton, as were the captain and first mate. I felt that most of them were honest, but I told nobody about my belt. One never knows.

"That belt was too heavy to wear comfortably while working, so I had to hide it, and that worried me. Then I made a friend. He was a young chap who was what we call an apprentice, what the French call a *pilotin*. He was only 15, but already quite large and tough. Not on the surface. He was a good looking, well built youngster, with blond hair and a friendly grin. His folks were rich, a banking family, around Lyon.

"He could have chosen whatever he liked for an education—medicine, navy, army, law, anything. But he was restless, wild, ran away from *lycées* and private schools on the slightest pretext, and after a particularly spectacular scrape, his father had consented to sign him on, hoping that a few months at

Now I was going to be thrown  
e, like a rock out of a sling



sea would slake his lust for movement and change.

"He learned everything quickly, much quicker than I could. He was well liked at first, then got on everybody's nerves. Cocksure, he knew all things, wanted to try quicker and newer methods. The first mate lost patience first and cuffed him. The boy was game enough and tried to make a fight of it, with the result you might expect. After that, he was in trouble often.

"By that time, I was pretty lonely. The kid talked the kind of French I knew best. I agreed to take him as a partner, to chance our luck in Australia. I was beginning to think my mates forward were spying on me. So I told him about my money, and decided it would be safer in his cabin. He occupied it alone, although it had four bunks. There was a lock on the door, because some of the fancy food was stored there, and the captain was careful with his special tinned goods, cigars and liqueurs.

"We reached the tip of South America and tried to round The Horn. I had read books about it, but it was tougher than anything I had pictured. Everything was nailed or lashed down, and you had to hold on to ropes to cross the deck.

"One night, when I had just contrived to get dry and somewhat warm, I was awakened and called on deck. The whole orchestra was going—crashing waves, streaks of lightning, the queer flap-flapping of torn sail. Then I was up 60 or 70 feet, reeling on a foot-rope, struggling with gaskets that rasped like iron files and fighting sail that felt like shark hide.

"It was dark as pitch between flashes, and even at that height the waves struck solid. I felt as in a nightmare, wondered how I happened to be there, and why? And there was that crazy swinging, swimming sensation inside my stomach and skull as the ship bobbed and ducked and slithered. Nobody else admitted feeling vertigo. . . .

"The boy was next to me.

"Then there came one of those giant dips into the darkness, the shuddering stop for a fraction of a second, and then the upswing. I couldn't feel anything with my fingers, I knew I was going to be thrown free, like a stone out of a sling.

"Then everything was quiet,

warm. There was a porthole just above me, the brass rim shining like gold, the glass clean, without a drop of moisture. I thought I had been hurt and taken into one of the cabins aft. When I tried to move, my body ached everywhere and my head seemed to split.

"A man whom I had never seen before came in; a squat, dark man. He was the second mate of the British bark on which the sea had dumped me. He knew a little French, sailor's French. It took me quite a while to understand that I had been aboard nine full days, that I had a couple of fractures, and that I was bound not for Australia, but for Chile. I had been lucky, but the English were not too surprised, men had been washed aboard ships off The Horn before.

"I was even luckier that Captain Smithson was the master. He was a rather short, stocky man more than 60, with white hair and whiskers around a wrinkled, red, sullen face. I spoke no English, he knew no French. He never smiled, never laughed. He would come in and sit by me, holding a Bible. Sometimes, he would read aloud.

"I tried to kid myself that when *La Grasse* returned to France I would recover my money. I kept



"My investment? What investment?"

thinking: The boy comes from good people, he is honest. But a belt stuffed with gold coins, the owner lost at sea; he probably would feel free to spend it. He knew I had no relatives. And if he had spent it, what could I do? I had no proof that he ever touched it!

"To my surprise, Captain Smithson did not put me ashore in Chile. He kept me aboard for the return trip and even when I was well enough and volunteered to work, he would not have it. By that time I understood English and spoke it fairly fluently. He was not talkative, but I could see he had something in mind.

"When we reached England, he took me home with him. His wife wept when she saw me. He had written her about me. They showed me a photograph of a young fellow about 16. They insisted that he was my living image, or rather that I was his living image. For he had been lost at sea, off Cape Horn, some years before. He would have been just my age if he had survived.

"I thought the resemblance vague myself, but other people saw it. They wanted me to stay a while, and it would have taken more resolution than I had to go to face an uncertain future when I had a home in a comfortable little house. The old man went to sea again, and I lived with Mrs. Smithson, and went to school to improve my English.

"I was still hoping to get back at least some of my lost money, and wrote to my friend at the company office at Nantes. I would be able to repay my hosts after a fashion. When Captain Smithson returned, 11 months later, I knew the worst: The letter to Nantes had been returned, marked 'missing' and a further inquiry had brought the information that the boy had jumped ship in Australia. I wrote his family, and got a stiff answer—there was no news of the boy, and they were not responsible for him, unless I could submit proof that he had used my money.

"I explained the matter to Captain Smithson, and he told me that further search would be needless. The boy was a criminal, a thief, and even if found, nothing could be done, as I had no proof of theft or attempted murder. That 'attempted murder' rather shocked me. And my ignorance startled the captain. He said I had been told all about it soon after my rescue. I had not understood.

"When I had been undressed, a long, shallow gash had been discovered on my shoulder. By ex-

(Continued on page 86)





R. I. NESHITH



# We Don't See Our Kids in the Woodshed

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

**O**N A certain autumn day I slipped away from my desk at three in the afternoon, got into the car, and drove to our suburban high school's athletic field. My two sons, one a junior at the time, the other a freshman, were out for the varsity and freshman football teams, and I wanted to see how the kids were handling themselves in scrimmage.

But when I parked the car near the field, it was with a feeling of self-consciousness. Wasn't this a ridiculous way for a busy man to waste an afternoon? The coaches were being *paid* to be here, but by what right was I stealing these mid-week hours away from work?

To avoid being stared at, I decided the discreet thing to do would

**IF YOU** think Parent-Teachers is where mothers go to air their gripes, the author's own experience will convince you otherwise

be to slip in behind the grandstand and observe practice from there. So I edged my way around bushes, got under the stands like a spy for a hostile team—but stopped to blink in surprise at what I saw in the seats above me.

Three other fathers!

In vast relief I joined them at once. We swapped cigarettes and had a wonderful hour watching the kids and doing our grandstand

quarterbacking. These three men, I realized, had all left desks as busy as my own; they could hardly be called afternoon idlers. One owned a New York bookbinding plant which employed some 200 people. The second ran a chain of jewelry shops. The third was a local physician.

Thereafter we met at a number of mid-week scrimmages. We were frequently joined by other fathers,



and nobody seemed to think it strange that we took time off to watch our sons. After all, plenty of men—pleading health as a reason—took time off for golf; why not for an activity of this sort?

As for our sons, they appeared to be delighted by our interest. My bookbinding colleague telephoned one evening to say, "My boy now discusses formations with me and the prospects for victory just as he'd talk to a teammate. I guess we've found a new common bond. It's fun."

I knew exactly how he felt. In my own home, too, dinner-table conversation had become more animated than ever. We three male members of the family were now absorbed in the same football campaign; we spoke the same language. And if you judged by the amusement in my wife's eyes as she listened to talk of handoffs and lateral passes, she was enjoying our new-found intimacy in her own way.

**I** SPEAK of all this for a reason. It will explain my contradictory reactions when a nominating committee asked me to become president of the high school's Parent-Teachers Association.

My first impulse was to refuse. I was too busy for such a job. I was interested in the P.-T.A.—certainly. For a year I'd even served on its program committee, giving it one evening a month. But the presidency was a different matter.

I told the good gentlemen that, like most men in their crowded 40's, I had little leisure. "Much as I appreciate the honor of being asked—"

Half way through the refusal, however, I began somehow to think of my visits to the football field; recalling how closely they had joined my sons and me. There was a flash of revelation in the memory. If it had been true in the matter of football why couldn't I broaden this sense of united family interest by extending my enthusiasm to include other school activities?

Surely my sons must find a richer significance in their school life if they saw that it stimulated their parents, too. On the other hand, how could I expect them to be excited about their studies if I tossed them aside as too dull or unimportant to merit attention?

The time required for a P.-T.A. presidency? Well, it occurred to me that a man who could find a few hours for football ought also to be able to find a few hours for education. That, after all, was the basic intent of P.-T.A.—parent

participation in the education of the children. . . .

The high school's principal, who had come with the nominating committee, described the whole thing in wiser terms.

"We're not asking you to head a social club," he said. "We're asking you to join a drive for better schooling. This is a practical way for you parents to help your children get the best our school system can provide. Backed by your business experience, why not actively investigate what you're getting for your school-tax dollars? And what more you *could* be getting? Examine the things we're doing in the classrooms, then give us *your* ideas. Tell us where you think we fall short. Working together, we teachers and parents, we're bound to do a better job for your youngsters."

That made sense. Also, it indicated why more than 5,000,000 Americans are P.-T.A. members. Obviously it put the job on the shoulders of fathers as well as of mothers—busy as the men might be—and it ended my hesitation.

I became president of the high school's association.

From the very outset, I must admit, some friends have chided me for engaging in what they considered a woman's task. They seemed to see P.-T.A. as an excuse for pleasant afternoon teas. That, of course, is nonsense.

It's silly to assume that a father has no interest in the education of his child. Our own organization in Great Neck, Long Island, with a membership of some 1,400 parents and teachers, has an almost equal number of men and women. Indeed, many of the meetings attract more fathers than mothers.

**A** YEAR of experience in the presidency has shown me that the busier and more successful a man is, the keener his interest in education is apt to be. The successful man, being generally a wide-awake citizen, simply can't turn his back on anything as important as the community's school system.

Yet even my wife's brows rose when I deliberately chose some of the busiest men in town for assignments. She was surprised, but I wasn't, when they accepted. I worked frankly on the old adage that if you want something important done quickly and well you've got to ask busy men to do it.

As a result, the P.-T.A.'s executive council—the governing board made up of all the officers—contains on the masculine side of its roster: 1, the head of a large ad-

vertising agency; 2, an official of the Sperry Gyroscope plant; 3, a lawyer; 4, the owner of a landscape-gardening firm; 5, a member of the United Nations Secretariat; 6, the chief actuary of one of the world's largest insurance companies; 7, a clothing manufacturer; 8, the president of a local bank; 9, a high school teacher; 10, the school principal; and 11, myself—a writer.

**A**MONG the seven women on the council, five are housewives, the sixth is a teacher, and the seventh a dress buyer for a New York department store.

I certainly have no desire to minimize the role of women in this work. They are the very backbone of the organization. They take a vital and enthusiastic part in every activity. What I'm trying to do here, however, is accentuate man's opportunities for furthering the welfare of his children through P.-T.A.

Naturally, the job will take his time—as much as two or three evenings a month. And it requires careful thought and planning. But in the presidency I have made this happy discovery: *It's the kind of thought and planning in which my sons and my wife can share!* What the P.-T.A. does concerns us all. The affairs of the school, like the affairs of the home, have become an area in which we all live together. Our animated discussions no longer focus on football; they touch on every aspect of school life. In other words, P.-T.A., as an activity, does not take the father away from his family; it welds him closer to them.

And it pays off handsomely, I've found, in some unexpected ways. Consider one of its simplest and most selfish rewards:

To understand the problems of teachers, my wife and I occasionally have one or two of them in to dinner. This practice has had its effect on our sons. The teachers they meet socially are no longer austere, remote creatures living behind a desk and absorbed only in biology or mathematics or Latin. They turn out to be warmhearted, good-humored human beings who laugh with us at our dinner table, who enjoy the same jokes we enjoy. They like a highball, they like certain radio comedians, and they like to come down to the game room to throw darts or play ping-pong. After an evening like that it's fun for the kids to sit in the classrooms of these people. They're with friends!

Not, of course, that you have to



be a P.-T.A. member to invite a teacher to dinner; but the interests of the organization provide the stimulus for such activity. "It's one of those things," our vice president told me, "I somehow never thought of doing before I got into this job."

And the satisfactions go far beyond the confines of the home. You can accomplish a great deal with the concerted efforts of 1,400 people. Put a few capable business men in charge of those efforts, and the possibilities are infinite. Not long ago, in preparing a report for the superintendent of schools, I had to list some of the things that active parental interest had been able to achieve during the past two years. They ran in part as follows:

Though this is still in an experimental stage in our town, with six cases being tried at the moment, it will probably work out well, according to all indications. The grateful, heartbreaking letters which come from the parents of these shut-ins would in themselves repay any busy man for the time he had given to school problems.

3. We have sponsored a youth center—a gathering place for all social purposes that find no place in the school itself. It is open seven evenings a week, under capable supervision, and has kept an average of 400 youngsters a night "off the streets."

4. At the approximate rate of one

event a month, we have brought plays, concerts, recitals and lectures to the children.

5. In what we call a "resource file"—as happy an inspiration as has come along in years—we have listed several hundred local specialists who can be recruited to give classroom lectures during the school day. Thus chemical engineers have addressed chemistry students; actors have talked to the Drama Club; writers have shared their experiences with the young folks in English Literature; illustrators have demonstrated their working methods to art classes. The examples go on and on. And

(Continued on page 91)



J. HUBSCHMAN

## The project possibilities of a P.-T.A. are almost limitless

1. We brought about the establishment of a summer recreational program whereby all parks and playgrounds are utilized to give the children of the community summer sports and play. Last year 1,520 children enrolled in this project. They were under the supervision, six hours a day, of a staff of 22 trained men and women. The cost per child of the whole summer's recreation was \$5.70. (Many a busy business man came out to watch the spectacle with pride, glad he had taken a few evenings to make it possible.)

2. We persuaded the telephone company to connect some of our shut-in children—victims of polio, for the most part—with their classrooms in school by means of an intercommunicating system.



J. HUBSCHMAN

Last summer's recreational program drew 1,520 youngsters



# I Take a Berth Aboard a

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

**T**HE 119,000 barrels of No. 2 fuel oil which we, perched topside, were to ride the 1,800 sea miles from Lake Charles, La., to Linden, N. J., had been many jobs to many people already. It had been pumped out of the Texas ground and pipelined to the refinery and put through that amazing, roaring, vastly complex mill. Executives in cypress-paneled offices, scientists in retort-cluttered laboratories, refinery hands in their aluminum-painted tin hats, high-heeled stenographers with southern accents had had their fingers in it.

When we were done it was bound to be more jobs still. Other tycoons in mahogany-paneled offices this time, truck drivers bundled up against the winter, high-heeled stenographers with Jersey accents,

were going to dabble in it before its story was all told and it was snugging a subdivision or two of little northern houses down against the February winter with the thermostats watching dutifully above.

But now we had it for just one job; getting it over those 1,800 miles of sea. The last of the 119,000 barrels which figures out 4,998,000 gallons—or approximately \$589,-

**HAULING fuel oil from refineries in the south to ports in the north for distribution is a hazardous job but tankermen wouldn't trade it**

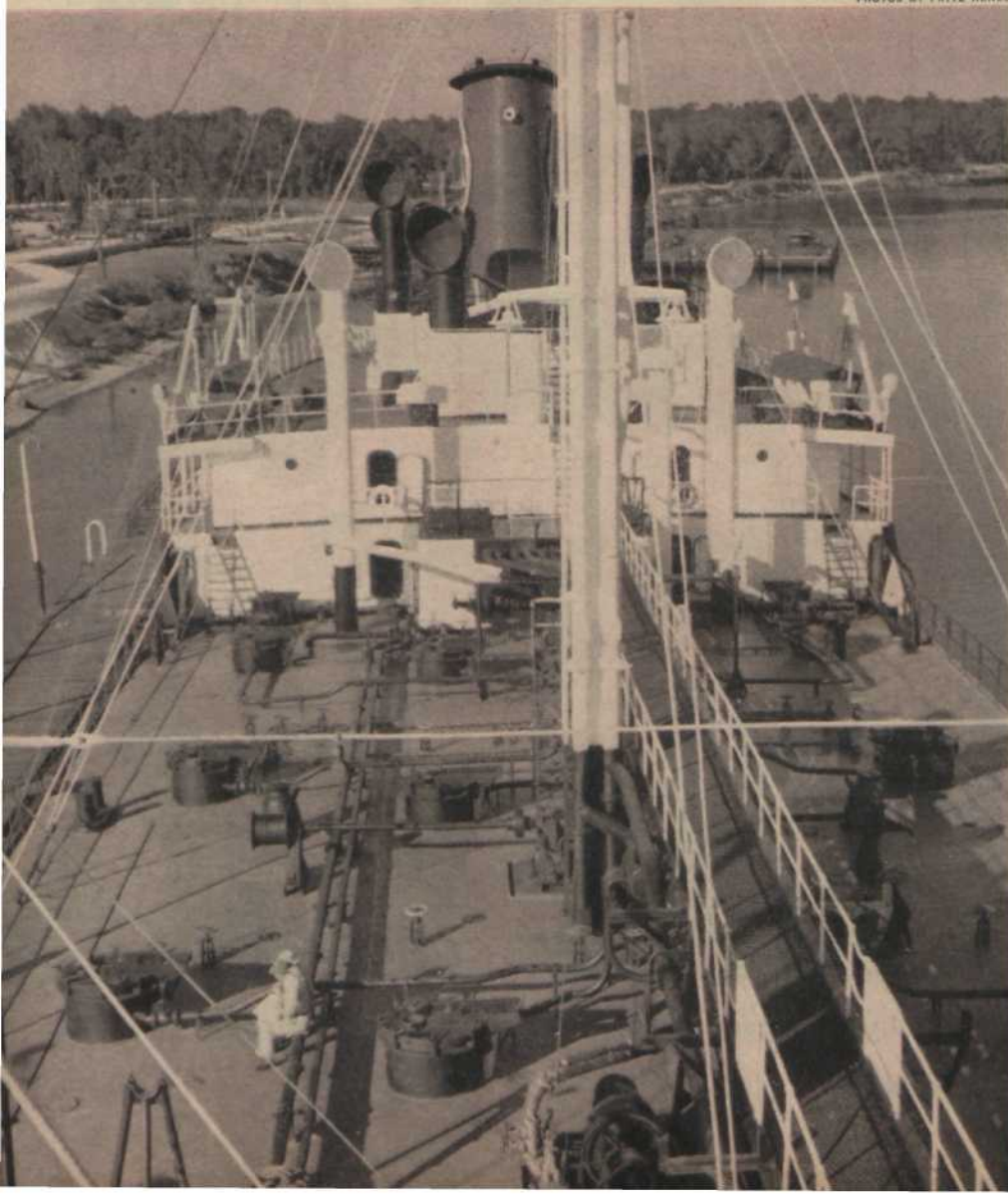
800 of somebody's money—was flowing into our ship's last wing tank forward and starboard through a ten-inch, jet-black, boa constrictor of a hose. The hose was humming softly to itself and vibrating in a small ague-like dance that shook its rope slings aloft as if a taut wind were whipping them. But, at an hour before dawn, there was no wind. The warm air hung still as the big Louisiana stars. You could feel the humidity steaming off hundreds of miles of Gulf coast marsh and hammock.

Where we were was a channel dug in the marsh and a mile-square clearing chopped out of the magnolia and live-oak hammock. In the clearing the great refinery was firing and roaring. The soft night was bruised and battered with its blended hisses and clanks and roars, stinking with the rubberized, dark-brown, earth-bowel, exciting reek of petroleum. The place was lit by 10,000 high candlepower lights. Its 235 foot "cats"—catalytic cracking units—towered like brilliantly lighted apartments. The slender 300 foot flare stacks shot 30 foot raw flames, yellow and smoky-red across the stars. The houses of our ship stood out stark white in the bright light and her house insignia, Cities' Service, was bold on her red stack. A flarer flame reflected on the gold of her name plate alongside the bridge, turning the letters *Logan's* Port shocking pink.

The big black hose flopped

**Our voyage starts down 37 miles of the bravest mud puddle channel in America**

PHOTOS BY FRITZ HENLE





# Tanker

ashore. The last guard frisked the last of our crew coming back from the last gin mill up on the road to town for a possible hidden pint and checked his name off on the shore list. He buttoned down the flap on his hip holster and walked ashore down the gangway. The gangway had been a steep, slippery hill at midnight but now it was a level bridge between the dock and the ship. Our two tugs puffed, marking time alongside. On the bridge the pilot for Calcasieu Channel, our muddy path to the sea, walked back and forth. Marsden, our third mate, loaded the bridge's percolator with its first charge of coffee and waited before he plugged it in as everything else was waiting for the red dawn over the marshes to turn light. Finally the captain came up from his cabin and nodded. He was a trim-waisted, tousle-headed young skipper named Ryman. He had gone to school on skis in Sweden and he had made the first jump on the new Bear Mountain slide in New York State.

We skied our way out the 37 miles of the Calcasieu Channel. It is probably the bravest little mud puddle of a channel in North America. The town of Lake Charles with rice on the Louisiana lowlands to the eastward and oil up Texas way to the north and west knew it had to become a seaport or stagnate. The 37 miles of marsh were all that stood in the way. The federal Government said no. The state said no. Lake Charles and Calcasieu parishes in the soft Louisiana manner said, "To hell with you, suhs," and did it themselves. In 1946 the port of Lake Charles ranked thirteenth in the U.S.A., and maybe when the post-war figures are compiled it will be better than that.

We drew 31 feet and the average depth of the cut is 33 and our beam of 68 feet was more than half of the 124 foot channel width. The suck-in in front of our quarter wave, like a rushing ebb of tide, laid bare the mud banks. Gulls skimmed low picking up stranded minnows in the suddenly naked





mud. Our wake was as thick as a Saturday night gumbo in New Orleans. The dawn gave way to white hot sun. Our ship fretted sweaty and hot, needing a bath to clean her decks of the slopped oil that must not be washed off where it will pollute fish water.

Our last tug cast off and slid astern. She waited, watching to be sure we were all right. We cleared the sea buoy. Ahead was the open Gulf. Our bridge telephone spoke tersely down into the engine room.

"Departure 10:30 o'clock, Chief. Hook her up!"

Like a giant rubbing his hands in glee we could feel our big screw picking up. The finger on the bridge dial climbed to 82. The Sperry gyro-steerer clucked like a hen steadying down on 120 degrees, our course on the long slant across the Gulf to Dry Tortugas. We came up to our 15 knots. Like a sigh the clean, live air of open sea swept through the ship. She settled down and all of us aboard her could feel our nerves and our sweat glands and our thoughts settling down, too. It was good weather for settling down. There was a big, slow high-pressure area

to the north and west. We were to get the weather of its western edge; moderate northerly and sparkling clear days and nights. Bluebird weather.

Alone at sea is the time to look at a ship. Like so much in the modern oil industry she was born of the war; turned out for the Maritime Commission by the Sun Shipbuilding and Drydock Company of Chester, Pa. She was launched in 1945 and cost around \$3,000,000. She is an all-welded, single-screw, turbo-electric-drive ship 523 feet long with a load capacity of 16,650 tons and a cruising speed of 15 knots. Until the new 650 foot, 20,000 ton, 22 knot giant tankers that are beginning to appear drive her from the sea, she—with all her sisters—will work steadily and profitably. Her position in industry is as secure as any economic tool can be. She can carry her oily tons better and cheaper over the long courses petroleum must travel than any other means, pipelines included.

By noon of her first day out she was as clean as a yacht and smelling better than many I've cruised in. The chipping hammers, fight-

ing corrosion, started as soon as her swabbed decks—a hot water swab at that—had dried and the spots that needed new paint got it while the chance was at hand in the fair weather. By sundown she was a picture of clean red decks, jet-black tank tops and pipelines, white houses and fat red stack.

Her people have denied her nothing. She has a washing machine for her crew, a dishwasher in the galley, a radiotelephone and \$10,000 worth of radar. Under her poop she has a cold room big enough for a cruiser for holding fresh food and a walk-in freezer swaying with the hung quarters of the best western beef, turkeys all in a row and tubs of butter and ice cream stacked along the bulkhead. At mess, officers and men, there is a menu to choose from. The mess boys say, "And how will you have your steak, sir?"

Always the cargo was a silent presence. It was bigger than the weather or the sea or the days and nights. We were a small company of trained men living on top of it: its puny caretakers. There was no slosh or gurgle or smell that came from our oil. Secure in its heavy plate tanks, locked down topside, it was breathing through two white-painted, six-inch stacks. They reared up side by side tight against the foremast, venting into the upper air. But for all its silence it was a live thing sleeping in the darkness. All the terrible lessons of the past, of ships that had vanished without a trace or burned red under the black, towering cloud of burning oil, had taught how to keep it asleep. Nonferrous metal in the heads of the hand chipping hammers, air-driven motors for use topside because they could not throw a spark, hand torches so insulated with rubber that they were sparkless, paint over everything so that even a nail in a man's boot could not find raw metal to scuff a spark to life. Those precautions were in visual evidence like the big water mains fore and aft and the coiled fire hose in exposed stations 20 feet apart.

More marked than any of these was the mood that lived aboard; a discipline and respect for the common hazard. It was never mentioned, no one walked on tiptoe or awoke white-faced from terrorized dreams, but no one forgot that the oil was underneath him. Inside the houses and aft on the little poop deck, smoking was permissible. Nowhere else. No one forgot. The head of the bow lookout on his long lonely night watch was a dark

(Continued on page 88)



The final word is always just the same—"Here's your oil"



# Brand NEW! Another Dodge First!

## FLUID DRIVE...for TRUCKS

### Greater smoothness...longer life!



#### WHEN YOU START



Your truck moves forward smoothly. With Fluid Drive, there's no grabbing of clutch—no jerky starts. Smooth application of power is easy on all moving parts... transmission through power line to rear axle gears and tires. Result: Long life; low upkeep.

#### WHEN YOU STOP

Forget the clutch pedal! Simply apply the brakes when you slow down or stop. Your engine won't stall. When you start again, shift into gear... step on it... for the easiest, smoothest driving you have ever known. Easy on your truck... easy on driver.



#### ON SLIPPERY ROADS



In snow or slush, on ice or in mud, rear wheels "take hold" firmly. The tendency to spin or skid is greatly reduced. Fluid Drive saves time, increases safety.

*One of the great engineering achievements of all time is now available on trucks.*

The achievement is gyrol FLUID DRIVE. The trucks are Dodge "Job-Rated"  $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton and 1-ton models.

Smooth operation... nothing like it in other trucks... can now be yours. Why? Because power is transmitted by fluid—not by a rigid mechanical connection.

**New truck economy**—another result of FLUID DRIVE'S cushioned operation—means big savings to you: 1. In reduced wear of vital parts. ... 2. In lower service expense. ... 3. In more mileage from tires. ... 4. In longer truck life!

Note in the illustration above how gyrol Fluid Drive works for you. Read, at left, what Fluid Drive does for you.

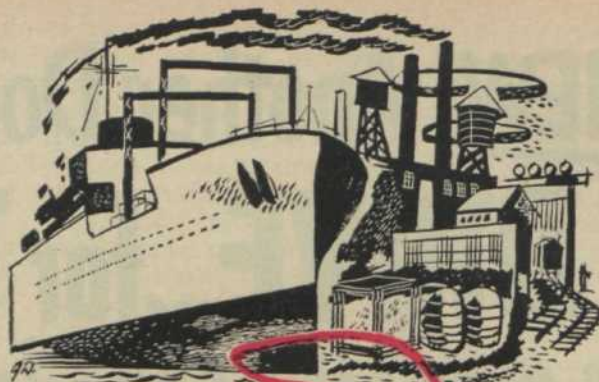
**See your Dodge dealer.** Ask him to demonstrate a FLUID DRIVE Dodge "Job-Rated" truck. *Feel the difference...* the smooth power of Fluid Drive; the amazing ease of shifting.

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## DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS





# Can We Sell

# What We Now Give Away?

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

**T**WO WORLD-shaking explosions out of the clear skies of last September jolted the United States back on its heels. Moscow's atomic blast could be a warning of wars to come. London's devaluation of the pound sterling was positive notice that a world-wide trade war has already started.

The trade war, with devaluation as the opening shot, is directed at the United States, the greatest of producing and trading nations. The war's declared objective is to capture a sizable share of this country's world trade and to make deep inroads in our home markets.

Our industry and agriculture have built a nation which can supply not only the needs of its own people but can export \$20,000,000,000 worth of its products in a single year.

America's markets, domestic and foreign, will pay the cost of the war. Our casualties can be heavy in industry and employment. But the competitors across the street—in this case the streets are oceans—believe our losses are necessary for their own economic well being.

Devaluation is a powerful weapon in the foreign markets which mean so much to the United States. Our exports, though modest in percentage of national income, are a vital

**NATIONS which have devaluated their currencies in relation to the United States dollar**

#### STERLING-BLOC AREA

Australia	Ireland
Burma	Israel
Ceylon	Jordan
Egypt	New Zealand
Iceland	South Africa
India	Thailand
Iraq	United Kingdom

#### CONTINENTAL EUROPE

Belgium	Luxembourg
Denmark	Netherlands
Finland	Norway
France	Portugal
Germany	Spain
Greece	Sweden
Italy	

#### AMERICAS

Argentina	Peru
Canada	Uruguay
Paraguay	

part of our economy, often called: "the extra five inches on the blanket which keep the bed warm." To a firm, exports may be the difference between profit and loss. The Labor Department says 3,164,000 American jobs depend on exports alone.

If a national economy is working smoothly, imports are paid for by exports, investments, services and free-spending tourists. Nations, like individuals, feel secure when income equals outgo. When the former falls short, they must borrow, put it on the cuff or tap "uncle" for a gift.

Our exports for recent years are almost double our imports—roughly \$13,300,000,000 against \$7,500,000,000 in 1948. Foreign countries' shortage in their exports to us has been met by gifts from the Economic Cooperation Administration and other government agencies. Their export shortage and our export surplus are the same thing under different names—the gifts to them for which American taxpayers have paid \$80,000,000,000 in the past decade.

ECA's present \$10,000,000,000, almost all spent, runs to June 30, 1950. Paul G. Hoffman, its administrator, says \$5-6,000,000,000 more may be needed





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• • •

● As members of the Bell System, Western Electric people who *make* telephone equipment work toward the same goal as Bell Laboratories scientists who *design* it and Bell Telephone company people who *operate* it. Our common goal is the finest service for you at the lowest possible cost.

# Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



before ECA expires on the same day in 1952.

As war-racked countries move out of the hardship stage, ECA and other spenders of American taxpayers' dollars are expected to pass out. Devaluation and voluntary concessions by the United States are on the march to fill the void after their demise. Instead of continuing its gifts, the United States is expected to buy more and sell less. The burden will thus be transferred from government and all taxpayers to American producers and their employees.

If not complicated by other factors—market demands, quality, raw material costs, production capacity, delivery dates and others—devaluation could reduce the price of goods sold to America by 30 per cent and increase by 44 per cent the cost of American exports to the same country. Nations which devalue will buy less and sell more in the United States. Our trade and

followed with cuts varying from nine per cent in Canada to 46 per cent in Argentina.

Devaluation also brought the painful realization that another of the organizations which the United States has heavily endowed to bring cooperation among nations had failed. The International Monetary Fund exists to stabilize world currencies. Its \$7,000,000,000 fund—40 per cent subscribed by the United States, 20 per cent (before devaluation) by the United Kingdom and the balance by 45 other nations—was by-passed.

Powerful as devaluation is, trade agreements are the more serious weapon which the United States faces in a trade war. They include multilateral tariff concessions, quotas and favored-nation treaties. Our Government approves of these. To them can be added barter agreements limited to two countries, subsidies, state monopolies, embargoes, currency con-

Ground rules are that, when two countries agree to a reduction of import tariff rates, all other countries at the convention will enjoy the same rates. The United States is even more liberal. It makes the slash general, including countries which do not have a favored-nation treaty. Colombia terminated its agreement at Annecy but 99 per cent of its exports—coffee, bananas and petroleum—continue to enter duty free due to our agreements with other countries.

A convention agreement does not become effective until approved by a home government—May 30, 1950, is the latest deadline. At Annecy, 33 schedules and some 5,000 items were discussed.

The delegates were happy. World trade had been freed from more shackles. But the jokers are already emerging from the agreements. A farmer tells the neighborhood kids to pick all the apples they want but a high fence is around the orchard and a lively pack of dogs inside to nab any who climb over. Trade agreements are just like that.

A country reduces its import tariffs on a commodity and then slaps on an embargo against importation of that commodity. Or it agrees on an import tariff to be available to all countries at the convention and then signs a barter agreement with one country. A recent one between the United Kingdom and Argentina is typical. A quota is fixed, equal to the amounts in the barter agreement, and imports from other countries are barred. Again, most countries have currency and other controls. The government decides what, where and how much its importers may buy. Naturally this does not apply to what the United States provided through ECA.

At the same time, the country erecting the roadblocks at its own frontiers can enjoy the reduced tariffs which the United States has granted. This country's import barricades, only on price-support commodities and vastly fewer than those of other nations, provide a sparkling example.

Denmark, a dairy country, wants to ship butter to the United States. At Annecy, Uncle Sam reduced the tariff from 14 to 7 cents a pound and fixed an annual quota of 60,000,000 pounds to be imported from Denmark and other countries. Under our farm-price-support program, the Department of Agriculture has 87,000,000 pounds in storage and an embargo forbids the importation of any butter.

In return for this generous ges-

## A Decade of Support by the United States:

**\$9,868,000,000** in loans from July 1, 1945, to Dec. 31, 1949, by Export-Import Bank, by European Recovery Program and to the United Kingdom.

**\$3,400,000,000** in credits by government property, lend-lease settlements, foreign liquidation settlements and the Maritime Commission.

**\$14,500,000,000** in grants by ERP, UNRRA, Army and lend-lease after V-J Day.

**\$47,500,000,000** in lend-lease during the war.

**\$2,740,000,000** to the International Monetary Fund.

**\$630,000,000** to the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

ECA is included in ERP. Additions for any true trade balance include the **\$25,000,000,000** in gold at Fort Knox, more ornamental than useful, and other billions in public and private contributions.

employment face a two-edged sword.

Devaluation is a shaky floor built by governments with controlled currencies. Even with the most rigid controls, the law of supply and demand can burrow under it to a lower though illegal level. The pound sterling was officially pegged at \$2.80 on Sept. 18, and the next day was being offered in Chicago for \$2.65. Once the United Kingdom made the break, other nations

controls and other restrictions which the United States deprecates, though not without sin itself.

In 1947, the United States staged another of those delights of dining diplomats, a convention of 23 nations at Geneva, Switzerland. These and ten others were at Annecy, France, in 1949. In addition, the United States has agreements with 14 nations which did not provide convention transportation for their diplomats.



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ture, Denmark granted tariff concessions on imports of dried fruits, cereals and vegetables. Denmark issues import permits only for such essential commodities as machinery and then only from pound sterling and "soft" money countries. Each country has its joker and the net result of the agreements is zero in other than ECA's one-way trade.

The United States denounces barter, subsidies and dumping but occasionally takes a nip itself. Our 41 to 48 cents a bushel subsidy under the International Wheat Agreement approaches \$500,000,000 while the Commodity Credit Corporation barter surplus for whatever it can get.

Compared to other nations, however, the doors of the United States are wide open for imports. Devaluation and trade agreements have reduced the price of admission to less than the luxury tax which an American pays on a movie ticket.

"Why hail a trade agreement as a great diplomatic accomplishment when the other country has regulations which nullify its part of the agreement?" the State Department was asked.

"Countries expect—hope rather—that sometime in the future the prohibitions will be removed and the agreements can operate," was the explanation. "Agreements set a pattern for the unselfish world toward which we are striving."

Awaiting that happy day, the

United States is to buy more from abroad and sell less everywhere. Increasing the market demands of backward areas by raising their standards of living is a slow process measured in generations. Cutting prices in consuming nations by devaluation and reduced tariffs brings quick results.

The effects of devaluation showed within 24 hours. Our Commerce Department reported that applications by American firms for export permits, a necessary preliminary to accepting an order from abroad, were being canceled. Permits are required to prevent depletion of our stockpiles and to keep strategic goods from countries whose future intentions are suspect. Metal export permits dropped 30 per cent in the first month.

Producers who waved good-bye to their export orders were only a dribble among the protests and inquiries which flooded the Department. A vastly greater number feared the effects which lowering the floodgates against imports would have on their own home markets. The inquiries showed a fairly clear division between large and small producers.

"The possible impact of a greatly expanded import program upon the present vulnerable economy of the United States will be far-reaching," said America's Wage Earners' Protective Conference, a union group of 50,000 affiliated with the

American Federation of Labor. "The idea of promoting trade at the expense of industries to be sacrificed in behalf of a general policy is both false and dangerous."

"Not the mass-production industries but the many times more numerous producers of consumer goods and miscellaneous commodities will suffer most," O. R. Strackbein, executive secretary of the conference explains.

Among American industries listed by him and others to be hardest hit by devaluation and trade agreements, are: pottery, bottle and flat glass, shoes, leather goods, furs, cutlery, scientific and surgical instruments, typewriters and office machines, citrus and dried fruits, watches, liquor and wine, ball bearings, bicycles, textiles, olive oil, caustic soda and chemicals, hats and millinery, matches, fisheries, wallpaper, costume and imitation jewelry, toys and smokers' articles.

Scotch whiskey is selected to prove that devaluation will not reduce prices appreciably. The demand for it does not depend on price and there is no American competition. As the retail cost is mostly taxes on a quantitative instead of a price basis, the producer could not make much reduction and there is no pressure to make any. In fact, his prices increased to meet devaluation.

At the other extreme are vitrified products where two thirds of production costs go into payrolls. Hourly wages, according to trade officials, average; United States, \$1.30; United Kingdom, 43 cents; Germany, 30; France, 26, and Japan, 9. Pottery and glass manufacturers of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York and California view devaluation and tariff cuts as a raw deal at their expense.

"They will be ruinous to America's glass, pottery and handicraft industries," Charles W. Carlson, president of the U. S. Glass Company says.

Meanwhile the State Department awarded a big contract for gold-decorated dinnerware to a German firm for—of all places—American embassies.

Army tableware sports less gold leaf but James M. Duffy, president of the National Brotherhood of Operative Potters, has protested similar discrimination against American producers by that branch of the service.

When Secretary of State Acheson did not reply to a protest against American embassy banquets on foreign-baked chinaware,





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Robert F. Martin, executive secretary of the Vitriified China Association, offered to supply British embassies in Washington and other capitals with fine American chinaware at nominal prices. F. S. DeMoleyns of the Embassy Commercial Department, replied:

"I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter and would point out that, as the United Kingdom is itself the manufacturer of some of the finest chinaware in the world, we are not in the market for china manufactured elsewhere; nor do I think any other embassies in the British Commonwealth would be interested in your proposal."

Agriculture must face the same changes as industry and commerce with all that depend on them in cities and villages. Some 40 per cent of our wheat crop, one third of our raw cotton and a tenth of

our cotton textiles were exported last year. ECA absorbed the bulk of these exports. Now new cotton textile mills in other countries and rayon have reduced the world market by one-half and competition will be fiercer for what remains.

The competition spreads like autumn frost over large and small. Tulip bulbs from Holland will be cheaper. A firm in South Africa cancels its order because devaluation has raised American prices 40 per cent and the Government will cut dollar import permits by half. Britain cut import permits 25 per cent. Books from London were \$1.45; now \$1. Airplane tariffs east of Paris are devalued but American lines pay for maintenance and crews with dollars. Signs in a New York City store window read: "Buy British footwear at devalued prices; now \$24, formerly \$30." The

dealer has not devalued to the limit but \$24 is now £8.57 for Britain while \$30 was formerly only £7.44.

The Soviet Union takes its cut from the American cake through a favored-nation treaty and our silver fox and mink farms are closing their kennels.

Display advertisements in American newspapers invite: "Come to Britain where your dollar goes farther." Tourist dollars beat export dollars. Scenery and old world atmosphere save production costs. Tourists are advised, however, that haircuts in London's best shops are now 28 cents, formerly 21. Devaluation lowers Britain's export prices but raises those at home.

The trade war is dividing the globe into four worlds, each with its internal trade and interchangeable currency—dollar, pound ster-

## The Slingshot Comes of Age

**BOYHOOD'S** ancient weapon, the slingshot, is providing plenty of fun for grown men these days. Factory-made, adult-style slingshots have proven so potent for hunting, target-shooting, and assorted rumpus-room games at home that a new hobby seems to be here.

Slingshot clubs are forming. One in Detroit, composed of 45 workers of Ford Motor Company, is an official part of the firm's recreation program, and shares the company range with riflemen and bowmen. Another club in Kentucky bars applicants younger than 50, yet has more than 50 members. The small town of Alhambra, Calif., home of one of the slingshot factories, contains 70 slingshot hunters.

Hunting with a slingshot is an inexpensive sport. The hand weapon retails at \$1 to \$3, depending on whether it's wood or aluminum, and supplies of the  $\frac{7}{16}$  inch lead balls used for ammunition can be picked up at a machine shop for a few cents. Rabbits, quail, pheasants, crows, squirrels, ground hogs, frogs and snakes have been bagged.

Nobody has yet brought down a deer, but it may be possible, since shots from a sling have been timed at 500 feet per second, and will bury themselves so deeply in a wood two-by-four that it takes a knife to pry them out.

In basement games, experiment-

ers have found that it's possible to pierce a tin pie-plate hung from a string, at 30 feet.

The same game laws that regulate bow-and-arrow hunters apply to slingshotters, which in most states means that they can hunt for a week or two before riflemen are allowed in the woods. The slingshot has other advantages,



too. Its silence allows a hunter to work with a gun-shy dog—and often to get permission for hunting on private lands where a gunshot would frighten livestock.

The most frequent prey of the slingshot hunter is the crow. A stuffed owl decoy, placed in a tree, will be attacked en masse by a flock of crows. In shooting a bird on the wing, the men lead it slightly if aiming from 40 feet, not at all

if they shoot from 30 feet or less.

With practice, a sling marksman can become deadly accurate. John Milligan, the 37 year old Ford foreman who developed the "Milligan Special" aluminum slingshot, and now sells it by mail in his spare time, can extinguish a candle flame from 30 feet. His feats are so startling that he has been paid to give exhibitions at sportsmen's shows around the country.

Between the "Milligan Special" and the "Wham-O Sportsman," a plywood model produced by two young Californians, about 7,000 slingshots a month are being sold by mail. Business and professional men so far lead the purchasers. Among recent buyers are Ernest Hemingway, yeast king (and big-game hunter) Max Fleischmann, movie actor Lloyd Nolan, and several Army generals. The White House has ordered three slingshots for unidentified personnel.

The Wham-O boys are Richard Knerr, 24, and Arthur Melin, 23, a pair of University of Southern California graduates who got into the slingshot business via their hobby of falconry. Shooting raw meat into the air is the best way to train falcons to dive, so they whittled out some slingshots for this purpose. Their neighbors got interested and when the demand increased, they decided to go into business. —KEITH MONROE



ling, western Europe and the Soviet Union. The American dollar is stable in all and all want free entry to American markets to get the dollars.

In a world bumping from crisis to crisis, the United States has been prodigal with its resources and help to salvage other nations. As scare followed scare, American taxpayers were assured: "This will finish the job!" The Four Freedoms served for the war and went into the discard. The loan to put Britain on its feet in three years melted away in half that time. Greek-Turkish aid, ERP, North Atlantic Military Pact and Military Assistance Pact for Europe have been lavishly financed but the job is never finished.

The latest, Point 4, goes farther afield in searching out backward areas for the benefit of billions. A home freezer or a germproof mattress in every jungle hut may tickle village fancy but the promise that the village will be transformed, even in our children's lifetime, into a market for American industry is hard to take.

Eugene R. Black, president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, which is to work the miracle, says:

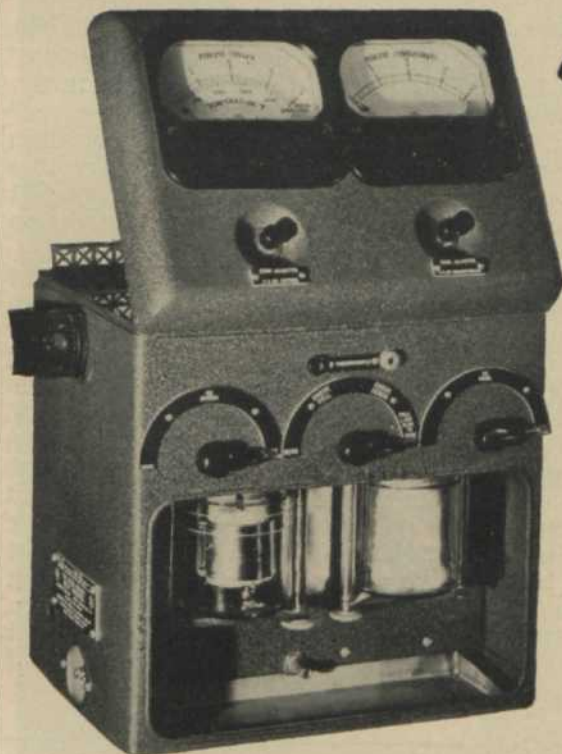
"With a low level of education and health and without intelligent, skilled and vigorous manpower, the economic progress of any country will be slow, however amply it may be endowed with natural resources and however ample the assistance of foreign capital."

Even those who shovel the dollars from the federal Treasury are growing cautious. The proposal of the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization for a \$5,000,000,000—the United States contributing two fifths—International Commodity Clearing House to feed the world has been put on ice for a while at least.

Other nations have stepped out on their own with devaluation as their weapon. They believe the time has come to cut loose from American apronstrings and wage their own fight for a greater share of world trade. It is to their credit. The American Aladdin rubbed the lamps of Europe and competition came forth. The world changed overnight and the United States becomes a competitor instead of a patron.

Can this nation which grew strong in a rough, competitive world meet the breaks as it faces a new trade war? The test will come when ECA and other giveaway agencies are taken off American taxpayers' backs.

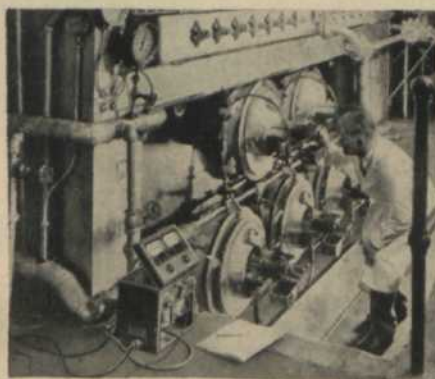
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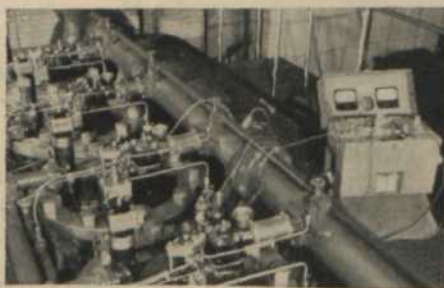
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# Wizards of the Basement Workshop

(Continued from page 40)

inventor is past, so don't start spending your million bucks. If you want to play safe, you'd better get a job in industry."

In the past century, the private inventor was our public glory. Working independently he produced the great basic devices of modern times. On his basic patents, corporations were built and the lucky inventor sometimes made his millions.

But today, most big-time inventions are produced by corporations and their staffs of trained engineers. The growth and complexity of technology has called on specialists, teamwork and capital to solve big problems. The inventor-hero has been replaced by the skilled technician who seldom is known to the public. Television is the work of several corporations, all highly capitalized. Talking pictures were developed by research teams at Warner Brothers.

Today, attorneys say, it's not quite enough to have a new idea. You must also have the funds to patent, develop and exploit it. As a result, most young inventors join corporation research teams, exchanging their long-shot chance as an independent wizard for adequate funds and equipment to carry out their projects.

This teamwork approach is distressing to the old-style, free-lance inventor. "They're choking us off!" exclaims August Liebman of St. Louis, who still makes periodic trips to Washington and has more than 100 patents to his name. An elderly professional inventor, Liebman is a rumpled man with an impressive paunch and jutting gray eyebrows.

"The old-time inventor," Liebman said, "was the salt of the earth, a plain, independent cuss you couldn't stop. Take Morse—he was one step ahead of the sheriff until he hit the jackpot. Or take Lee de Forest, who invented the audion tube. One week he'd be at the Waldorf, the next in a flop-house.

"Why, in those days, you could walk into a millionaire's office and say: 'John, I've got a little idea I think's worth plenty,' and John

would write out a check for \$75,000.

"But it's not like that today," Liebman concluded gloomily. "Look around and what do you see? Patent attorneys and corporation searchers. A handful of inventors starving for capital. You couldn't get up a decent stud poker session with the lot of them!"

As Liebman points out, most of the stand-bys in the search room are attorneys, who make it their place of business, and patent searchers, who are hired by the corporations. General Motors, General Electric, Westinghouse, du Pont and many other large companies maintain staffs of searchers in Washington to explore the patent files and report on new inventions. Most of these young searchers plan to be patent lawyers, although some of them started out to be inventors. "I had plenty of ideas," a blond youth told me.



"Trouble was, they were all old."

Now, as a searcher, he spends his days determining whether new devices of his firm—one of the largest in the country—are patentable, and whether the corporation would infringe on existing patents in pursuing a certain line of research. "Lots of people think corporations go around stealing ideas from little inventors," he declared. "They don't dare to. And that's the reason they keep us here—because they can't afford to be sued."

The patent attorneys, who represent private inventors around

the country, are usually more prosperous than their clients. One morning, I heard several of them gathered outside the search room for a smoke. "What a day!" grunted a bald-headed lawyer. "My clients insist I search up a dozen ideas I know are old stuff. Even have one of those automobile periscope ideas that let you see ahead in traffic."

"Got one myself just last week," his colleague observed. "Now I'm chasing down a rotary engine for a customer. Poor guy won't believe it was invented many years ago."

On an average day, the attorneys grapple with thousands of ideas, some for their own clients, others for out-of-town lawyers who send them inventions to search. Most attorneys find that 75 per cent of these ideas are unprofitable.

But for all the odds against him, the private inventor still comes to the search room with his new ideas. Worried, bedeviled and outrageously hopeful, he reports to Elton Brown for help. As master of the labyrinthine patent files, Brown knows, for example, that ball point pens come under "Brushing, Scrubbing and General Cleaning Instruments" and that a hangman's gallows is filed under "Surgery" as a "Neck-Stretching Device."

"I have a little scheme for installing jacks under each wheel of an automobile," a man from New Jersey told him recently. A few weeks before, the inventor declared, he had a blowout at midnight on a muddy road to Passaic. He was obliged to crawl under his car to change tires. When he emerged, he conceived of his self-jacking car, operated by push buttons on the dashboard.

Brown promptly referred him to "Pushing and Pulling Instruments" in the patent files, where the inventor discovered 115 similar devices. They had all been turned

down by automotive manufacturers because of the cost.

After spending half his lifetime in the search room, Brown is no longer dismayed by any idea, no matter how fantastic. Not long ago, he listened solemnly to an inventor who proposed to make Washington an aerial city, supported 3,000 feet above the Potomac River by balloons.

More recently, a young married couple came to Brown's desk, carrying their baby neatly strapped to a padded board. Calmly, Brown listened to the father explain: "It's



a little invention we worked out. Now we can take Junior with us wherever we go. He seems to like it and all our friends want one. They say we should take out a patent."

Brown nodded sympathetically and advised the inventors to search under "Package and Article Carriers." While the parents slid Junior under a search table and went to work on the files, Brown shrugged his shoulders. "I'm a little afraid of that one," he said. "It looks mighty close to an Indian papoose carrier."

For Brown and the attorneys, it's a happy moment when an inventor turns up with a potentially valuable device. Today, most successful inventions are produced by men who aim for useful, rather than earth-shaking, ideas in their own field.

Trent B. Terry, a man who sticks to his last, has spent most of his life working in textile mills. He recently patented a new method for cutting men's underdrawers. By cutting the material on the bias, he has managed to produce 13 pairs of shorts from stock that once yielded only 12. Terry is now making a modest living on his royalties.

A more heroic inventor is Eugene H. Irasek, a thin, tense young man with crew-cut hair, who works for the Navy Ordnance Department. Irasek lives with his wife and two children in a trailer camp near Washington, where he spends his evenings and week ends working on an automatic transmission. Neither Irasek nor his attorney, Arnold Christen, has found anything like it in the patent files and have applied for a patent. Skilled in mechanics, Irasek believes his transmission is a long-awaited answer for the automobile industry. Christen, however, advises his client to be calm and patient; he reminds him that the industry has millions of dollars to spend on new ideas and may possibly have a scheme like his already underway.

"I don't want to think how big this can be," Irasek told me. "For years, the industry has talked about a mechanical gearless transmission system, but nobody ever worked it out. When I think about it, I've got to take myself by the collar and say: 'Look here, Gene. Remember what happened to free wheeling.' But still, this looks good, and I'm putting my chips on it."

Even Elton Brown must think back to recall truly independent inventors who achieved fame or a jackpot. He remembers young Glenn Martin, coming to check on his first tentative ideas on the air-



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plane, and tall, nervous Charles E. Duryea, inventor of the automobile, who came in when an old man and died poor. He remembers mild-mannered O. U. Zerk, who came here to study automotive lubrication. After that first visit, Brown didn't see Zerk for several years, not until his lubrication fittings were sensationally successful. When the inventor reappeared, he announced himself in full as Oscar Ulysses Zerk.

But of all private inventors who've come in, none made as strong an impression as William S. Gubelmann of Convent Station, N. J. An 86 year old free-lance inventor, Gubelmann is still collecting \$1,000,000 a year in royalties on the calculating machine he invented. Patent attorneys remember him as a little man with a sparse beard. His patent was on file for 20 years before it was granted and attorneys for the companies who fought Gubelmann still hash over the endless litigation.

Gubelmann was the first inventor to conceive of a common printing mechanism in calculating machines and no inventor who followed was able to by-pass him. While his application was on file, there were numerous "interferences," which occur whenever two inventions conflict. Gubelmann won almost every interference and added the claims of rival inventors to his own patent, like an Indian collecting scalps.

Ever since 1790, when America's patent system was signed into law by George Washington, there have been gloomy predictions that inventive genius was dying out, that everything to be invented was already invented.

But for all the gloomy prophets, the most durable verdict on the patent system was given in 1812, when the British seized and threatened to destroy Washington. The British guns were already trained on the Patent Office when the Barbara Fritchie of the patent system rose to repel them. He was Dr. W. M. Thornton, then superintendent of patents. Dr. Thornton, according to legend, came out of his office, faced down the imperial cannon and declaimed: "This is the United States Patent Office, a depository of the ingenuity of the American nation in which the whole of the civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? If so, fire away and let the charge pass through my body!"

The British left the building and its brave superintendent unblemished. Since then, the Patent Office has moved several times, always to

larger quarters, and now fills the entire north wing of the Department of Commerce Building.

Until the Patent Office developed its code of ethical regulations, attorneys ran lurid advertisements in farm and popular science journals, promising huge royalties for useful inventions. Some attorneys even specified what to invent; others ran contests for the best ideas of the month.

While inventors began hiring attorneys, the Government employed patent examiners to pass on the growing flood of invention. Today there are more than 1,000 examiners, most of them lawyers trained in the mechanical or scientific arts which they examine. They work in small cubicles, protected from eager inventors who need appointments to see them. A few weeks ago, a hopeful inventor went up to the examiner of photographic instruments.

"I was sure I had a hot idea for three-dimensional photography," he reported later. "Before I could finish explaining, the examiner reached over his head without looking, slid open a drawer and pulled out a patent. It looked like I'd drawn it myself."

Another inventor reacted bitterly toward the examiner who turned down his jellied explosive as unworkable. He promptly mailed a batch of it to the examiner and urged him to examine it more closely. The Patent Office, accustomed to inventors, merely dispatched a note of warning and declined to prosecute.

For all the shift from private to corporate invention, there's no sign of flagging ideas as we go into the 1950's. Recently in the search room, I met Jacob Rabinow, a 40 year old inventor, who works daily in the National Bureau of Standards and at night in his own home workshop. On his government job, he devised and patented an electromagnetic clutch.

Rabinow was checking a new idea against the patent files. "There's no end to improvement in this country," he observed, looking up from his patent cards. He stared glumly at the massive patent file flanking the room. "Right here, for instance, we could stand some improvement. What we need here is a rapid automatic reader, with each patent recorded on microfilm. Then you'd just hit the right index number and the patents would flash on your table."

"It shouldn't be hard to work out," Rabinow said briskly, reaching for his notebook. "Look here, I'll sketch it out for you."



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UNION PHARMACEUTICAL CO., INC., MONTCLAIR, N. J.



# What This Town Needs . . . .

(Continued from page 43)

Chamber of Commerce, the vote would have been adverse but for the civic enthusiasm generated by the clinic.

Other communities, too, credit the clinic with providing the margin between success and failure of local projects. Trumann business men say there is no doubt but that their clinic assured approval of a \$100,000 bond issue for school improvement and was a material factor in raising \$70,000 by public subscription for the same purpose.

In Arkadelphia the clinic indicated great interest in sewer improvement, resulting in a city-wide vote to spend \$200,000 on the project. Perhaps it was action like this which prompted George S. Dews, manager of the Arkadelphia Chamber of Commerce, to say:

"In 17 years' service in this office I have never known as much interest or as many people at one time being interested in civic improvement to the extent that they will say what they want and then work unselfishly to see that it is well done."

**WESLEY GORDON**, Fayetteville chamber manager, says a clinic gave the needed impetus for a \$1,000,000 waterworks for that city.

Fayetteville is an example of how a chamber of commerce uses its clinic report. Copies went to all civic groups and their cooperation was enlisted. One contemplated

project was a better park. A park committee composed of representatives of various civic organizations was established. With an ante of \$400 contributed by members, the chamber raised \$1,500 by public subscriptions to provide park rest rooms. The Rotary Club, Lions Club, American Legion post, and Women's Civic Club each financed the construction of a concrete tennis court. In all, civic groups contributed \$15,000 for park improvements and persuaded the city council to put up \$20,000 for a swimming pool.

Elsewhere the story is similar. In Monticello, the clinic disclosed the need for more street markers. The Veterans of Foreign Wars donated them. At Mount Ida, the P.-T.A. contributed \$700 to modernize school rest rooms. In Newport, a private citizen donated a library building. In Warren, the Junior Guild equipped an office for the health department. At England, the Heritage Club installed new traffic lights.

Some suggestions made at clinics require action by private industry—and industry has acted. At the De Queen clinic, several people spoke about a rough railroad grade crossing. A railroad employe was in the audience. Within 48 hours a repair crew was at work. At Osceola, several persons suggested a more convenient location for the bus station. The bus company met their desire. Bentonville people

disliked the way an unsightly junk yard at one approach to the city impressed visitors. After the clinic, a city beautification committee was established with the junk yard proprietor as a member. Shortly an attractive showroom for new cars replaced the junk yard.

Through the stimulus of these clinics people are coming more and more to grips with such fundamental issues as: How can we balance our economy, diversify our agriculture, extend our trade area, stabilize employment, improve local government, get away from dependence on Washington? By starting a search for answers to questions like these, the program can produce far-reaching results.

The community clinic program is a postwar development in Arkansas that owes its existence in part to chance and part to design. When the war ended, C. Hamilton Moses, president of the Arkansas Power and Light Company, and some of his staff went to New York to get financing for an expansion program. In a meeting with a committee of underwriters, their credit standing was questioned, principally because they did business in Arkansas—considered by some a backward state.

**MEANWHILE** several Arkansas cities were trying to woo industries. More than one chamber secretary was told by an industrial prospect to make another call after his city had better schools, more paved streets, greater fire protection and the like.

These frank statements did much to awaken state business leaders to the need for greater civic improvement. Moses called a meeting of the Arkansas Economic Council-State Chamber of Commerce which he headed. What to do about a program that would help cities and towns to progress?

As an experiment, several community planning experts were called in from other states to survey various cities and make recommendations. They did a competent job but when they pointed the finger of scorn at local conditions, townspeople got their backs up. It became clear that any future program must originate within the community itself.

Group meetings were decided to get people thinking about local development projects. A man familiar with community problems generally would lead discussions. As long as he was from Arkansas he would be accepted. As a non-resident of the community where





the clinic was held, he couldn't be charged with playing up his own pet project at the expense of some other. The Resources and Development Commission, and the Economic Council each had a man and the power company had two who filled the bill. They were loaned to the new program. Cards for recording suggestions were printed. A written report embodying the wishes of the people would become the basis for action.

A number of business men from Pine Bluff, a city of 35,000, had taken part in the initial planning. They were interested in revitalizing their own chamber of commerce by giving it specific jobs to tackle. Pine Bluff was selected as the guinea pig.

**T**HE clinic produced immediate action. The discussion made it possible to separate the practical from the financially impossible projects. A projected municipal auditorium was sidetracked in favor of a new sewage disposal system. Four neighborhood playgrounds were established, a new school built, an industrial foundation revitalized, and a fund-raising campaign for a \$25,000 youth center was stimulated.

Since that trial run in Pine Bluff in February, 1948, more than 100 clinics have been held in communities ranging in population from Fort Smith's 50,000 to villages like Mount Ida which boasts 900 "during school hours."

Trial and error perfected the technique. Experience showed early that a series of small group meetings produced more results than one or two mass sessions. Discussion leader and participants profited by the informality of small meetings. They aroused more interest, provoked more questions.

Detailed discussion of local wants proved more satisfactory than general summarization. During the clinic at Paris a student suggested beautification of highway approaches by planting redbud trees. When the report spelled out that suggestion, local garden clubs went to work and planted 5,000 redbuds. A similar suggestion from another clinic, lumped in as one more tally for "city beautification" was lost.

Simply holding a clinic won't solve all a community's ills. Follow-up on work programs still is weak in some places. Lack of revenue has stymied other ambitious projects in small villages. But the village with a surplus of ingenuity can overcome a shortage of dollars.

Folks in Waldron, a town of 2,000

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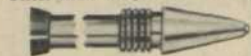
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in the Ouachita Mountains area, were loyal followers of their winning high school football team. They thought nothing of driving 100 miles to attend one of its games.

But when visitors came to Waldron, residents were always a little shamefaced about the home athletic field.

After a clinic in February, 1949, the school board was persuaded to buy an eight-acre tract near the city limits for \$2,500. That left the treasury low, so one acre fronting on a main road was sold to the county for \$1,500 to provide space for a highway-equipment garage. Then Waldron had seven acres of raw land, a far cry from the athletic field it wanted.

But townspeople turned to. Volunteers graded and sodded the site. Others erected a fence, put up bleachers, installed lights for night games.

The mayor swung a shovel, the banker a hammer, the merchant wielded a paint brush. Now there's a gridiron, baseball diamond, rodeo arena, shower and locker rooms. The athletic field still is no Yale Bowl, but it's one that would do credit to any community of 2,000.

In larger communities the program has brought coordinated action by local organizations. In Hot Springs nearly every civic group was promoting a municipal auditorium, yet each unaware of the others' progress. After the clinic, a central committee was established and now much of the work preliminary to construction has been completed.

**M**ANY projects suggested involve engineering, legal, financial or other complicated problems. When that's the case, the community can call on any one of the three statewide sponsoring agencies for technical assistance and get it. A fair association needed a landscape architect to lay out its cattle show grounds. A city needed an engineer to help on a water supply project. Another needed help on a revenue problem. According to Hamilton Moses, there are about 1,000 industry members in the Economic Council whose personnel are available to help communities work out their local problems. Also on tap are experts of the state government and the power company. Between them they've been able to handle every request for assistance.

Arkansas leaders believe their plan can be adapted to meet the requirements of other states and communities. What if there's no

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**C**HARLEY PIERCE, at 83, has spent the last 12 years giving some 11,000 people a new slant on life.

He's done it by selling them "tilt" or "slant" boards, a simple, inexpensive apparatus which lowers the head, elevates the feet and, according to Charley, gives a person beauty, vigor, sharper mental perception and a longer lease on life.

Charley's customers include doctors, lawyers, merchants; actresses Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford; Bernarr Macfadden and Father Divine. The octogenarian has reinforced a slant board for the use of "the biggest preacher in the world," a 338 pounder from Chehalis, Wash., and has made a special three-foot model for the daughter of a health magazine editor. An inveterate business man user does his dictating from a board upholstered in green leather to match the furnishings in his office.

Charley made the first board, copied from an elaborate model in a doctor's office, after years of partial invalidism. He uses a board constantly, sleeps outdoors on one.

He'd rather demonstrate a board than sell it, so proud is he of the agility which he claims has made him statistically 20 years younger than he's entitled to be.

A retired business man (Charley owned the first hotel in Hollywood), he got into his present line when friends begged for duplicates of his own board. Now he ships his product throughout this country and to Canada and Hawaii. He covers standard boards in glistening lamés and fur for fancy customers. However, he also custom-builds them for oversized users.

—FAVIUS FRIEDMAN &  
JANE SPALDING



state development agency? The extension services of many colleges and universities are prepared to help with development programs and so are state chambers of commerce. What if the power company doesn't cooperate? Try the industrial department of a railroad. In any state there is some business group that will help the community that wants to help itself.

Now and then you'll meet a man who labels the clinic program "something the power company cooked up" or "just a chamber of commerce stunt." There's no denying that a rising standard of living and rising sales of electric power go hand in hand or that chambers of commerce are eager for local development. But it's also a fact that the sponsoring agencies have shown the same interest in communities served by other utilities, in farm communities served by rural electrification cooperatives as those on A. P. and L. lines. And in communities where there is no local chamber, clinics have been held under the auspices of organizations such as the American Legion Auxiliary, the town's planning association, the junior chamber of commerce and the Rotary Club as well as various other civic-minded groups.

**T**HE community clinic program literally is changing the face of Arkansas. Around the town squares and along main streets, men and women are talking about ways of equalizing property assessments so that local tax yields can be increased. The question one hears is: "How can we do it ourselves?" and not "Whom can we get to do it for us?" New attitudes on governmental relationships are being developed. There's more to it than reaffirmation of the doctrine of state's rights. It's also a practical matter of dollars and cents.

The city of Siloam Springs found by financing the construction of a new hospital locally it got a better job for \$82,500 less than it could have by participating in a federal-grant project.

Perhaps the lesson that Arkansas is learning from the program is best summed up by the statement of W. L. Fulmer, past president of the chamber of commerce at Booneville, who said:

"A development from within is more to be desired than an invasion from without. The benefits are more lasting and of greater value in the long pull."

The people down in Arkansas are thinking of the long pull.



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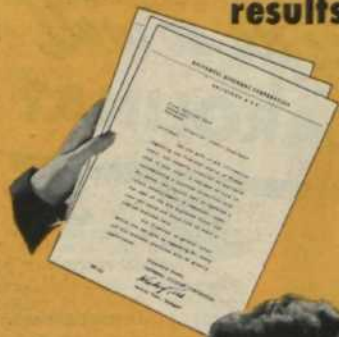




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## The Poll Truth and Nothing But —

(Continued from page 34)

found that he had the smallest errors in those states where the fewest people were interviewed—at the latest date.

The chief booby trap confronting the analysts—and, more importantly, the nation at large—still promises potential trouble. Who will vote? The blunt and painful truth is that fewer people vote in the United States than in any democracy in the world.

In western Europe, where the franchise is valued preciously, 85 to 90 per cent of the people consistently cast their votes. In the United States, the turnout never has exceeded 65 per cent nationally. Only 52 per cent of the adult population went to the polls in 1948, percentage wise the lowest vote since 1916.

Who did vote in 1948? Roper made an intensive survey in this field a year ago and came up with some highly revealing information. He compared the vote in 1944 and '48, precinct by precinct, in seven large cities—Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston, Baltimore—in 110 industrialized counties and scores of rural states and counties. His criterion for dividing the electorate economically was based on the rents in each precinct.

For every 100 votes cast in poor and lower-middle-class districts in 1944, there were 103 cast in 1948. And for every 100 votes cast in upper-middle-class and wealthy districts in 1944, only 93 were cast in 1948. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, God must love the poor because He made so many of them—and the statistics clearly indicate that the economically depressed are convinced elections can improve their lot while the upper class is losing its stake in the country by default.

"The biggest single thing wrong with our calculations two years ago," Roper says, "is that the people who were for Dewey didn't vote for him. If all those who felt *mildly* for Dewey had voted, he would've been in. The mild votes turned out for Mr. Truman, so maybe they weren't so mild."

Who will vote? "That's what we'll have to assay in all future polls," Gallup declares. "We'll have to get better psychological data to gauge intensity of interest. We'll have to devise questions in interviews that will measure intention as well as

opinion. Polling sentiment on the issues is simple. The problem is which half of the population will stay away from the polls."

By an odd coincidence, Roper, Gallup and Crossley represent a cross section of the American electorate. Crossley, who resembles Grant Mitchell, the actor who usually portrays the big executive type, is a Republican. Roper, a stocky, tweedy man, is an avowed Democrat. Gallup, the biggest of the trio in physique and scope of activities, describes himself as an independent liberal. His father-in-law was a Democratic candidate for governor of Iowa in 1926—a bad year for Democrats in the middle west—and his mother-in-law was elected secretary of state for Iowa three times.

The political backgrounds of the three men are mentioned merely to refute accusations that were heard in November, 1948, when making the pollsters clay pigeons for ridicule and abuse was a favorite pastime. It was charged they had deliberately rigged their findings to stampede the voters to the Republicans for personal gain or private convictions.

The charge was as grave as it was groundless. First of all, nobody even attempted to prove skulduggery. Secondly, Roper, Gallup and Crossley derive the bulk of their cushy incomes as specialists in market research. Gallup alone makes a profit on political polls; Roper and Crossley do it purely as window dressing for their other activities. Going wrong on the 1948 election gave all three a large, disfiguring black eye professionally.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that some venal no-goods are considering "fixing" the polls. The money involved, to compensate the organizations for loss of prestige and commercial business, would have been out of all proportion to the nebulous advantage gained.

As a matter of cold fact, their own handiwork probably befouled the pollsters in 1948 in the sense that their reports served to redouble the Democrats' efforts to bring out the vote and created overconfidence among the Republicans. In previous campaigns, their predictions had been remarkably accurate. Roper was within .2 to 1.2 per cent of hitting the vote on the nose in Roosevelt's last three elections. In 446 elections in the United



States and Europe between 1935 and 1948, Gallup's average margin of error was four per cent, an astonishing figure when you consider how close national elections really are. Although Dewey was soundly beaten, his home address today would be 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., if some 29,000 votes had been changed in three key states. He lost Ohio by 3,000 votes, California by 9,000 and Illinois by 17,000.

**P**OLITICAL polls made a strong comeback after 1936, when the *Literary Digest* missed the popular vote by 19 per cent in predicting that Landon would win 370 electoral votes. (He wound up with Maine's and Vermont's eight.) Then, as a dozen years later, base motives were imputed, although the magazine was the chief victim of its whopping boner. It went out of business. Method, rather than motive, was its undoing. It mailed close to 1,000,000 ballots to owners of cars and telephones, a procedure that eliminated people in the lower-income brackets.

Three more scientific methods now are used to sample opinion:

**Quota**—Face-to-face interviews with a fixed proportion of people—determined by the U. S. census—in each of four general groups: age, sex, economic and geographic.

**Probability or area**—Interviews with subjects picked at random but named specifically. (A field worker told to see a woman living in the third floor rear of a certain house doesn't go to the floor above or below if nobody is home. He goes back to the third floor rear until he sees the wife, not the husband.)

**Pinpoint**—Interviews with everyone in a representative district.

Roper, Gallup and Crossley favor the quota method but they agree that all three are equally good if the subjects follow up their convictions by voting on election day. "It would be no trick at all," Crossley states, "to hit every election on the nose if we had a law such as they have in Australia requiring everyone to vote."

"I get a very good chuckle out of this—nothing malicious, mind you," said Wilfred J. Funk, editor of the *Literary Digest* when it went off the deep end for Landon. "We were told by contemporary pollsters that we had been unscientific. I'm afraid the word 'science' isn't going to be used with a poll for a long time. In fact, I think that national political polls will be non-existent for a long time."

Wanna bet?



## Does this look familiar?

Next time this happens to you, here's something you might think about:

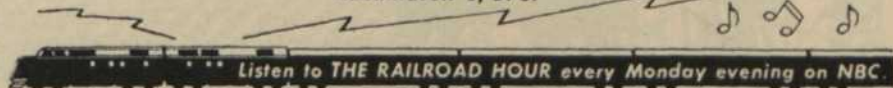
We have railroads to carry freight—all sorts of freight in any quantity, for anybody, to any part of the country, in any season of the year.

These railroads are built for heavy-duty hauling—more so than ever after the four billion dollars they have spent for improvement since the end of the war.

And the more freight railroads are called upon to carry, the more efficiently and economically they can do the job—and at the same time your public highways will be less expensive to maintain, safer and more convenient to use.

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# The Finest JOB in the World

By HERBERT COREY

**T**HIS IS the soliloquy of an old sheepherder. He used to herd sheep for \$35 a month and liked it. It is the finest job in the world. Nowadays the sheepmen out West pay \$250 and provide everything but silk sheets, and what do Americans do?

They throw it away.

The sheepmen import Basques from the high Pyrenees to herd their sheep. Americans are too snooty. Yet the job has everything—leisure, sport, opportunity for the exercise of the contemplative faculties, if any, a variegated and delicious diet entirely on the house, quantities of fresh air, no neighbors, a chance to get rich if the herder is disposed that way—and 250 lovely little bucks each month.

So we import Basques.

Nothing against the Basques, mind you. They are fine people. Full of ancestry and the pride of family. I wouldn't know, but I'd make a small bet that there are Basque dukes tailing more than one herd of sheep out West. As soon as they wise up they



**WHAT-IS-THE-World-Coming-To**  
musings of a man in whom a newspaper clipping evoked nostalgia

will be moving into town and begin picking off our heiresses, as the Georgian princes used to do. Anyone will tell you that a Basque duke has it over a Georgian four ways from the ace. The Basques are built from the ground up. They may be somewhat given to knifing instead of letting other guys bang them over the head with bottles but that only makes them easier to get along with. No one can understand the Basque language except the other Basques, and they are the inventors of the beret, which is an indictment and not a hat, but they are good people and smart.

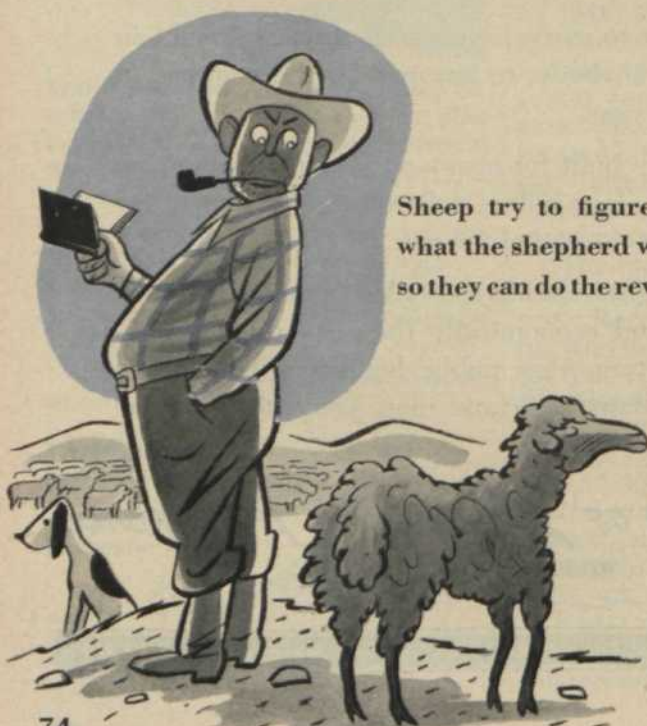
I wish that I were a Basque so I could come over here and herd sheep for 250 bucks on the first of each month. Two will get you 11 that we Americans are fatheads. Two will get you 21.

Maybe I'd better shift to the dollar window.

I speak as an old sheepherder and I know. There are hundreds of rich sheepmen on the ranges who began with a capital of a roll of blankets and an established reputation for honesty and common sense. They were staked by their employers. The employer sharecropped a bunch of sheep to a good man not because he was breaking out with goodness but because even then it was hard to hire herders. Some men cannot stand the solitude, even with the reasonable certainty of affluence ahead. Some do not like sheep. Like me.

It is true that many years have passed since I last implored an Absolute Power to damn and blast every living thing that grows wool. Now I can look at sheepherding objectively, although I am still

Sheep try to figure out  
what the shepherd wants  
so they can do the reverse





DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

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FOR  
LEASE



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This Anhydrous Ammonia Plant is now in operation. Facilities newly completed. Capacity per month: 2,100 tons of anhydrous ammonia.

District Engineer, Galveston District

### MORGANTOWN ORDNANCE WORKS Morgantown, West Virginia

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*Hexylamine*—Capacity per month: 4,000,000 lbs. • *Formaldehyde*—Capacity per month: 5,200,000 lbs. Coke ovens not available.

District Engineer, Louisville District

## SOLUTION PLANTS

### JOLIET ARSENAL Joliet, Illinois

*Solution Plant*—Capacity per month: 28,000 tons of ammonium nitrate solution as 100% ammonium nitrate in the form of 82% to 83% solution. Nitric acid facilities for this production are also available.

District Engineer, Chicago District

### INDIANA ARSENAL Charlestown, Indiana

*Solution Plant*—Capacity per month: 20,000 tons of ammonium nitrate solution as 100% ammonium nitrate in the form of 82% to 83% solution. Nitric acid facilities for this production are also available.

District Engineer, Louisville District

All leases will be consummated through competitive bids. Sealed bids for the lease of these facilities will be received at the office of the Division or District Engineer having jurisdiction. Detailed information, arrangements for inspections and bid forms may be obtained from the Real Estate Division of the Division or District in which each plant is located.

# FOR SALE

## OHIO RIVER ORDNANCE WORKS, HENDERSON, KY.

This Anhydrous Ammonia Plant, capacity 6000 tons per month, constitutes a part of the National Industrial Reserve and has been designated for disposal subject to the National Security Clause.

All facilities, equipment and machinery are in excellent condition. The plant is currently being operated by the Solvay Process Division

of Allied Chemical and Dye.

This plant is offered for sale under the provisions of Public Law 152-81st Congress, and is subject to priorities to other Federal Agencies.

Sale will be consummated through competitive bids. Sealed bids for the purchase of this facility will be received at the office of: District Engineer, Louisville District.

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520 Merchandise Mart Bldg.  
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CORPS OF ENGINEERS U. S. ARMY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.





**I quit sheepherding because I was a snob. Cowboys sneer at sheepmen**

morally seared by my feelings about sheep. There is a belief in some quarters that sheep are lovable animals. They figure under this guise to some extent in sacerdotal writings. The writer will not quote from them, because he chokes easily, but any number of references will come readily to the tongues of those who have kept up with their Scriptures.

The books show pictures of tall shepherds carrying crooks, making a sort of a processional over the hills with their dear little sheep nudging lovingly at their heels. This only shows what can be done with propaganda. In real life the tall shepherds would be wishing vainly that they could get near enough to their charges to bat them over their heads with the crooks. The sheep would be assembled in contemplative groups trying to guess what shepherds wanted them to do, so they could go the other way.

But at \$250 a month and all found, sheepherding is the finest job in the world. It has not changed in its essentials, which are sheep, since Noah pushed the first pair out of the Ark. The winning trick in sheepherding is to keep cool. The herder must realize that he is dealing with the most malevolent animals on earth and that each is determined to do whatever it is the herder does not want it to do. Experience should have informed him that even the most sincere invocations have no effect. When he begins to shout and tremble, the herder should immediately curl up with a good book. In my own case I found *The Manxman* very helpful. In spite of their malignancy, sheep have very mediocre intellects, and forget easily. Presently he can turn the opera-

tion over to the dog. I never earned an easier \$35 a month.

I quit sheepherding because I was a snob. I felt that my social standing was impaired by the fact that I was a sheepherder, although at this distance I cannot quite see how anything that did not exist could have been impaired by anything. The Mexicans, who preceded the Basques as imported experts, did not feel that way. They were too smart, and when a Mexican got a chance to herd sheep he flew at it. But I was surrounded by cowpunchers, after a fashion, at an ostentatious distance and upwind. It is a strange fact that association with a horse, which professors say—some professors—has the I.Q. of a hen, makes a man arrogant and hostile. Probably because when he is on a horse he looks down his nose. Especially at sheepherders.

Come to think of it, that's funny. A cowpuncher leads a sad life, unless he plinks on a gut-tar and wears tight pants and sits on a corral fence and makes eyes at the young dudettes on the dude ranches. There is always a rock under his blankets. His tarp leaks when it rains at night. An untamed cook tells him to come and get it just before Aurora, rosy-fingered daughter of the Dawn, goes into her routine. What he gets is fried, along with coffee that would raise lumps on limestone. Then he has to catch his horse out of a bunch that looks on the morning rope as a form of play and—when he hits that frosty saddle—tries to shake his insides out of his ears. All he has to do is to ride all day and if the horse steps in a doghole he gets a broken leg. That's what I got in return for giving up the finest job in the world, at \$35 a month, better chow than any cowpunch ever even read about, and no worries. Only a little light walking. And the sheep.

Bear in mind that sheepherding—at \$250 a month—is just what it was at \$35. Take it from me, it's a bargain.

One night in the month I might be awakened by the sheep making little blind runs on the bed-ground. That meant a lion was prowling around. The sheep could smell him, although how they could smell anything but themselves must forever

be a mystery. I would morosely pull on my pants. The rain would be lightly spattering on the tent.

By the light of the candle I could see a wet spot in one corner. That meant I could either go out now, in the rain, while the sheep bunched and snuffled, and tighten a guy rope, or let it go until morning and have a puddle on the floor. The puddle was easier. I scratched myself through my undershirt and decided against putting on more clothes. Maybe the lion would see the light of the candle and go away, or would kill a sheep and drag it off into the bushes and eat it and let a man who might have been a college graduate but who had become a sheepherder go back to sleep.

This is the life. Thirty-



**Dressed in good clothes a sheepherder still looks like a sheepherder**





## *Have you made a will... lately?*

You've seen it happen... a man earns a big income, builds a successful business, accumulates a small fortune, dies... and in a short time, his family is in want!

Because he left no will, or an illegal or outdated will... left no records of bank books, deposit boxes, securities, holdings, obligations... neglected some of his heirs, or estate taxes... failed to protect his

family and business associates... wasn't business-like about his own business!

There are two articles in the next issue of *Nation's Business* that you should read... one on wills and how they should be made... and the other on a new type of legal service, cafeteria style, at low cost—that will be an asset to any community. In your March issue, look for:

*Who'll Pick Up The Pieces?*... by Phil Gustafson

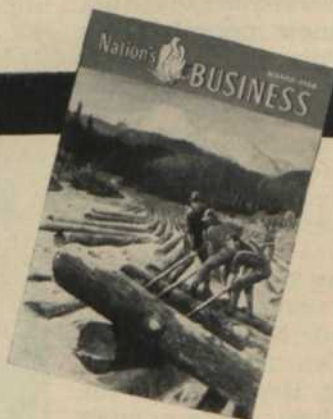
*Legal Aid Without Charity*... by Henry F. Pringle

### *Also worth noting...*

LAKE TROUT THREATENED... Sea lamprey in Great Lakes may put 5,000 fishing firms out of business... "Is Great Lakes Fishing Doomed?" by Cleland van Dresser.

PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOR... European critics think contemporary US musicians are terrific... See "That Stuff Called Culture," by Lili Foldes.

HE GOT THE ORDER... Old man Frisbie had the world's greatest sales resistance, but Joe P. McNash finally made the sale. For entertaining fiction read "A Salesman is Persistent," by Nard Jones.



... IN

# *Nation's Business* ... NEXT MONTH



five dollars a month and all found. The finest job in the world.

The sheep made another run, out there in the rain and darkness. Something had to be done. The slicker was cold and hard. I buckled the sixshooter on outside. Not that I had any fear of the lion, which had probably found a dry spot under the bushes along the creek and would rest while the young man wallowed around the herd in the mud until he could get back to his blankets. I considered lions. They are not cowards. The playboy literature written by men who go out with guides and dogs and chase them up trees is misleading. These reflections were somewhat slowed up by the hope that the sheep would definitely settle down. But they would not. They charged up against the tent, snuffing and snorting. Some old ewe was probably trying to give me the old glare, like she did in the daytime. I returned to the lions.

Lions are smart. They see no percentage in being heroes. Or in getting into brawls with strangers. Their business is to get plenty to eat and to sleep dry and warm. If a little rain runs down their necks when they go out marketing, they can charge it to overhead. An insurance solicitor, such as I used to be before I got this nice job herd-

ing sheep, would rate lions as preferred risks. I hitched my gun on the outside because I liked it better on the outside.

The dog yawned listlessly. A fine dog. By Airedale remotely out of Lily of the Pound. Knows more about sheepherding than I will ever know, but I'm the guy who pulls down the 35 bucks each month—present emolument 250 and a cinch—and all the dog gets is the privilege of serving and cactus thorns in his feet. How do you like that, dog? It is true that you do not have to go out in the dark and horse around 2,900 sheep, probably less one, because in the dark the sheep would think you are a wild animal of some sort and make another run. If sheep think. That is debatable, but it is my opinion, dog, that they think bitterly. Natural born misanthropes. Ever observe the profile of an old sheep, maybe standing on a rock, and gazing into the blue? A supercilious beast. Ancestors had probably been in the Almanach de Ovic for generations. Aristocrats, haughty, unruly and ornery down to their split hooves.

I unhooked the door flap and crawled out into the rain. Nothing would be accomplished, and I knew it, but it is a tradition that when a lion prowls the bedground

the herder gets out of a nice warm roll of blankets and walks around the sheep. In the end the lion will get his sheep and the herder will go back to bed, but the forms will have been complied with. It would be easier if I could carry a lantern, for that would help me to avoid stepping into the deeper holes, but sheep do not like lanterns. If they were my sheep I would make them like lanterns. Better still, if they were my sheep I would hire another guy for \$35 a month—present rate \$250—and I would go to town.

That's what the old man did who owned these sheep. He began sheepherding at \$35 a month and sourdough bread and shoot a rabbit if you want meat, and look at him now.

He has his clothes sent to him from Bond Street in London, all soldered up in tin cans, and when he puts them on he looks exactly like an old shepherd wearing Bond Street clothes. That's why he didn't go to Congress. When the voters found out about those canned pants they voted that he was a crabbed old goat and had best stay at home.

I spoke to an Absolute Power in a careful monotone as I slithered around the sheep. On a dark night, with lions, sheep are calmed by conversation. Probably think the herder is making a claim to social equality and they snuffle condescendingly as he squelches past. The Absolute Power was advised to damn and blast every being that grew wool. Never mind the effect on the personal fortunes of the petitioner. He would sustain with fortitude the loss of the finest job he had ever had. Thirty-five dollars a month, all free and clear, nothing to buy but clothes. With sport thrown in.

If I wanted to I could knock off a deer or an antelope almost any day. No one cares what a beddamned shepherd does. No shooting license to pay. What if the Fish and Game inspectors do ride around now and then—during these \$250 a month days—and ask questions. A shepherd has to carry a rifle, doesn't he, in case a coyote should bother the sheep. Eastern sportsmen come through occasionally with \$25 a day guides and packhorses.

I got everything they got. For free. And more.

The sheep had settled down and were snuffing contentedly. That meant the lion had quit for the night. I crawled into the tent and tied the doorflap against the rain. The dog yawned and flapped its

## Boy Scouts Celebrate

**F**EBRUARY is always a big month in the lives of the nation's Boy Scouts, because that month is their organization's birthday. This year's observance, from Feb. 6-12, is the fortieth anniversary of scouting. More than 2,300,000 scouts and their adult leaders have planned programs based on the common theme: "Strengthen Liberty."

During Boy Scout Week units around the country also will have "Crusade Night" meetings when 1949 Crusade awards will be presented. Representing the 12 scout regions, a like number of scouts will make a "Report to the Nation" at Washington, D. C., where the movement was incorporated Feb. 8, 1910. These scouts also will take part in a ceremony at Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

The highlight of the new year will be the second national jamboree which will see 40,000

scouts and leaders, including scouts from other nations, camping together at Valley Forge, Pa., from June 30 to July 6.

**"STRENGTHEN LIBERTY"**



**40th Anniversary  
1950  
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA**



tail a couple of times and went back to sleep. Nowadays, at \$250 a month, I would have turned on the radio and picked up some radio comedians. The sheep would love them. They would dote on the comics. They would be comforted by the audience laughter, too, and crowd nearer the tent. But at \$35 a month there was no radio. That is reserved for the Basque dukes and the Mexicans who get rich at sheepherding and go home and get married. I blew out the candle.

The sheep left the bedground early in the morning. They always did after a night with the lion. The youngest and strongest ran the fastest, so they could get far enough away to make trouble for the herder. The dog rose and shook himself. The dog had a bloody awful conscience. He was trying to influence the herder to get started on his job before he had had his breakfast, which wasn't reasonable. The good boiled coffee had to come first.

A few stiff old ewes were still hanging around the bedground, looking a little like old ladies at a tea party. They gave the dog the country club glare but hobbled out to the bench when he barked, and began to nibble at the grass with their yellow old teeth. They would be dying one at a time on the bedground soon, and I would have to skin them, which was a foul job but insisted on by the old man. He might wear Bond Street clothes but he kept an eye on these details. The front rank of the sheep was still galloping. No doubt now that the lion made his kill last night. The dog told me so. He was probably enjoying a siesta in one of the tunnels in the bushes and he was welcome to it. If he ran across a colt or a young calf he might not come back for a month.

I trudged around the herd. The dog barked. The sheep went about their business of eating. It promised to be another good day, cloud effects overhead, no snow or rain, the mountains clear against the sky. The dog made the statutory three turns and settled down in a bunch of warm grass. I found a nice, sun-warmed rock and began studying the correspondence course on how to be a lawyer. But life was too pleasant to bother with torts and misfeasances and I went back to *The Manxman*. If he staled, another novel was available about a duchess and a slim scoundrel in Sussex. A deer wandered along with the sheep. Thirty-five dollars a month and all found. That's what the Basques get for \$250. The finest job in the world.

## COMPARE THE WORLD'S new products...new prices

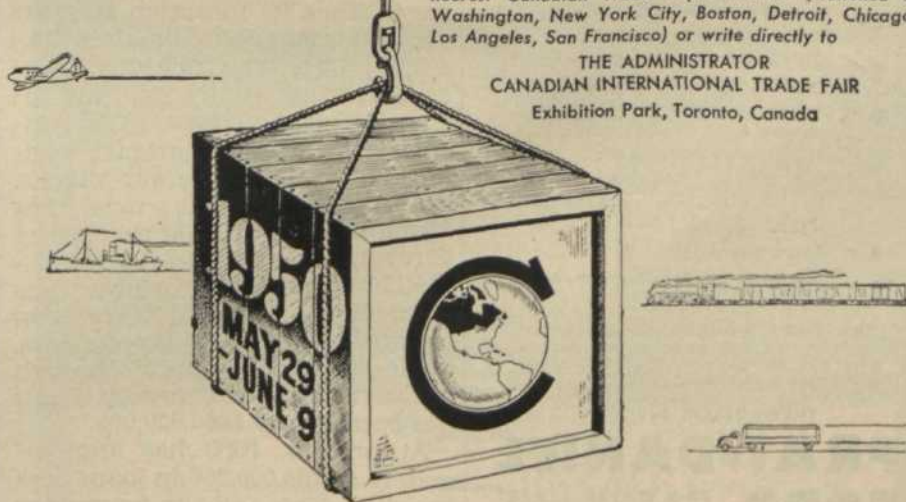
Never before has it been so important for all businessmen to reconsider their sources of supply. For both buyers and sellers, whether engaged in domestic or in international trade, recent changes in currency values have created new areas of competition.

At the C.I.T.F. you can see and compare the competitive goods of many nations...arrayed side by side in trade groupings...priced so you can quickly assay relative values.


Choose this convenient, economical way to find out where your money buys the most. Arrange now to attend the Canadian International Trade Fair in 1950.

For detailed information please address enquiries to your nearest Canadian Trade Representative (stationed in Washington, New York City, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco) or write directly to

THE ADMINISTRATOR  
CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR  
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## Banking Saint or Lending Sinner?

(Continued from page 30)

down; to preserve it purely as a mothball, or stand-by, organization for future emergencies; or even, as some congressmen suggested, to toss it out altogether.

Finally, Congress did pass a new set of laws, requiring, among other things, that (a) RFC pay back all but \$100,000,000 of its original \$500,000,000 capital stock; (b) that it hand over to the Treasury all its profits exceeding \$250,000,000, instead of keeping the accumulated net income as a fund with which to make more loans; (c) that new loans be limited to \$2,000,000,000, and (d) that business loans be limited to ten years.

This last provision was a direct slap at the B. & O. loan, in which the RFC directors in 1944 let the railroad swap some \$80,000,000 in short-term obligations for bonds maturing 21 years later in 1965. Since then Congress has increased RFC's lending authority on paper to \$3,500,000,000 by counting in \$1,500,000,000 in funds specifically voted by Congress for RFC to borrow and hand over to the Federal National Mortgage Association, an RFC subsidiary created to stabilize the mortgage market by purchasing mortgages insured or guaranteed by the Government.

What is—and what has been—RFC's role in the nation's economy? Since its inception 18 years ago, it has lent approximately \$10,200,000,000 on what might be loosely lumped as commercial and industrial transactions. This includes the federal mortgage business but excludes the war billions. An RFC spokesman says that "from the beginning of the agency through June 30, 1948, only \$33,244,114 of our loans, or about one third of one per cent, have been charged off as bad investments, while the over-all profit through industrial and commercial loans has been nearly \$600,000,000."

At present, RFC has approximately \$1,700,000,000 in loans outstanding. This (all the figures are approximate) would include \$433,600,000 represented in some 5,500 loans to industrial and commercial enterprises; \$117,100,000 to 24 railroads; \$121,900,000 to 600 banks and other financial institutions; \$30,000,000 in 450 loans to states, municipalities, counties and other political subdivisions; \$371,800,000 in 64,600 GI mortgage loans guaranteed by the Veterans Adminis-

tration; \$390,600,000 in some 55,000 FHA-insured loans; \$4,500,000 in upwards of 800 disaster and catastrophe loans; a \$107,100,000 loan to the British Government and \$60,000,000 to the Philippines (by direction of Congress) and \$61,000,000 in "miscellaneous" loans and investments, which includes the bad paper that RFC is liquidating.

The above figures, being merely statistical, are cold and give no idea as to the astounding infiltration of RFC into American business life. A confidential study made for the Hoover Commission revealed that in a single month (June, 1947), RFC authorized 275 direct loans to business enterprises and participated in 448 similar loans made by private institutions.

The direct loan authorizations, totaling \$30,321,289, included a \$16,600,000 advance to aircraft manufacturer Glenn L. Martin, which later became the subject of congressional curiosity. Then there were a host of smaller ones to auto dealers, service stations, plumbers, country general stores, snack bars, laundries, shoe repair shops, dairies, candy stores, ice cream plants, resort hotels, tourist camps, swimming clubs, fishing camps, theaters, night clubs, juke box operators, roller skating rinks, flying clubs, beauty shops, photographic studios, sporting goods shops, soda fountains, popcorn vendors, florists, a pet hospital and a deputy tax collector. (That tax collector item, incidentally, is possibly one of the oddest of RFC loans: A GI needed a car in order to go to work as a deputy tax collector in a Florida county, so the local agency authorized a \$1,500 loan, with the Veterans Administration guaranteeing 50 per cent of it. The Washington office of RFC sort of raised its eyebrows at this authorization but the issue never came to a head for the deputy got his money elsewhere.)

Exactly what is Congress kicking about? A study of hearings and reports, augmented by interviews with some of RFC's principal critics, indicates that Congress would like to straighten out these basic issues:

1. Is it the Government's job, through RFC or any other agency, to preserve shaky, badly managed businesses from going under by pumping millions of the taxpayers'



dollars into such businesses, particularly when private banks regard the loans as bad risks? Is this sort of thing helpful in the long run to the American free enterprise system, and is it fair to competitors who run their businesses successfully without the assistance of easy credit from the public treasury?

2. Is RFC confining itself, as the law says it must, to making loans which aid the national welfare, security and economic stability, and only in cases where the borrower cannot obtain help from private sources? Or is it muscling in on private banking?

3. Are some RFC employees in the echelons below the top directorate taking advantage of their positions to make "contacts" for themselves that lead to profitable employment in private business? If so, is anything wrong with the practice?

On all these questions—and other related side issues—some congressmen claim RFC is guilty. RFC says emphatically that its record is clear all down the line, that it never intentionally gambles on business loans it does not consider good risks, that its only mistakes have been honest errors of human judgment. As for competing with private banks, Harvey J. Gunderson, an RFC director, declares that records of the field agencies "prove" that many banks originally turn down loans and then approve them after learning that RFC considers the applicant a good risk. "For every loan we make," Gunderson says, "we influence five or ten more."

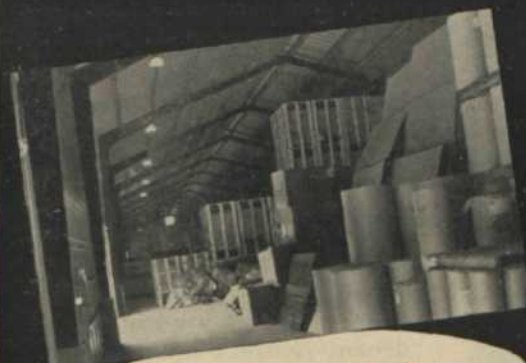
Few cases in RFC annals have evoked the violent criticism that broke over the famous B. & O. loan. Sen. Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire, ranking Republican member of the Banking and Currency Committee, has lashed both RFC and the railroad unsparingly over the circumstances concerning this \$84,500,000 dispensation. "It is a loan whereby the RFC is to be a crutch—to help the lame, the halt and the blind," he has asserted. "—the taxpayers of the country are still acting as a wet nurse to the B. & O. with a tremendous amount of money."

Briefly, what happened was this: In 1932, the railroad was in deep trouble. It asked RFC for a \$55,000,000 loan. RFC began doling out the millions—a big loan here, a small repayment there—until, by 1944, it found itself as the railroad's creditor for upwards of \$80,-

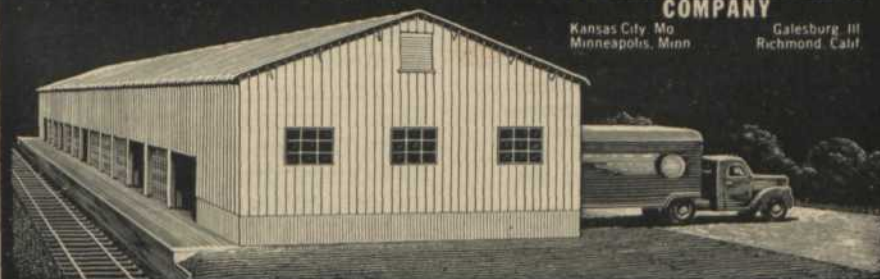
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000,000. At this point, a contingent of Jesse Jones' men—one of them testified defensively before a committee hearing that "I am rather proud of being one of the Jones boys"—went into the railroad as officials; the short-term paper was taken up and \$80,000,000 worth of new bonds, the last of which will not mature until 1965, were issued.

The voluminous hearings—more than 2,000 closely printed pages of them—are spiced with everything from charges of slick conniving to outright fraud. The railroad still owes the RFC more than \$78,000,000 and is retiring the debt in the leisurely fashion provided by the 1944 refinancing plan. When criticized, RFC officials say the railroad is meeting every payment of principal and interest that the court-approved 1944 plan requires. Senator Tobey, however, thinks it appalling that the B. & O., during its period of "lush" wartime profits, should not have had the "decency" to retire its debt voluntarily a little faster and thus free some of those millions for use of needier would-be borrowers.

The Lustron case—though RFC officials stiffly insist it is "not really an RFC loan"—is moving right up with the B. & O. case as a major cause of controversy. During the acute postwar housing shortage, a self-made Chicago industrialist named Carl Strandlund came up with an idea for mass-producing "dream houses" out of porcelain enamel. The idea set Wilson Wyatt, then National Housing Expediter, afire. Lustron Corporation wanted \$52,000,000 from RFC. Businesswise, it was an impossible loan.

Certain provisions of the Veterans Emergency Housing Act gave the expeditor authority virtually to direct RFC to guarantee sales of prefabricated houses, and Wyatt began turning the heat on RFC. First, Lustron got \$15,500,000 from RFC under the Emergency Housing Act. "We were in a box and had to give it," RFC officials state. Then RFC made Lustron a straight \$10,000,000 business loan—to protect the first \$15,500,000; then another \$7,000,000 under a congressional housing fund; finally, in dribblets, \$5,000,000 more for current operating expenses—\$37,500,000 in all.

All this has been going on since June, 1947. As this was being written, Lustron, according to RFC officials, was making only three or four houses a day in its mammoth Columbus, Ohio, plant, acquired on lease from War Assets Corporation, and had sold only 1,700 houses. Finally, with Lustron some

\$22,000,000 in default of payments on the principal of its huge loan, the RFC announced in December that there had been no new advances for operating expenses in several months, that there would be no more advances under existing conditions, and that it was studying the advisability of foreclosure. If RFC should decide it has to move in to protect its outlay, officials admit it is doubtful that the whole \$37,500,000 can be recovered.

The case that set Senator Fulbright on the warpath was the recent Kaiser-Frazer loan. The Henry Kaiser empire, already owing RFC a \$96,000,000 balance of the original \$123,500,000 loan to build the Fontana steel plant, and obligated to War Assets for most of the \$15,000,000 it agreed to pay for the \$42,000,000 Willow Run plant, on which RFC owns the mortgage, came in to ask another \$44,400,000. "I wish to request," said Senator Fulbright in an ominous wire to RFC Chairman Harley Hise, "that final action on the loan to Kaiser-Frazer Corporation be withheld until the subcommittee of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee can consider the matter. My present information indicates to me that the proposed loan is not in accord with the objectives of the RFC act." Chairman Hise came back with a statistics-laden letter, stating, in effect, nothing doing. "The loan is well secured and will be repaid," he said.

Another recent subject for senatorial criticism is the matter of RFC employees moving into better-paying jobs with borrowers. While probing into the circumstances of a \$6,000,000 loan to the Waltham Watch Company, Senator Fulbright discovered that a regional manager for RFC's Boston office, a man named John J. Hagerty whose government salary was \$10,000, went with Waltham at an annual salary of \$30,000 a year as agent for the trustees. This occurred shortly after Hagerty had taken a leading part in working out a plan whereby Waltham, whose first application for a loan had been recommended against by an examiner subordinate to Hagerty, could qualify for the loan. When queried recently in connection with this article, RFC Director Gunderson said that "Waltham still is operating in the red."

At the hearings, Fulbright obtained figures from Gunderson showing that, between Jan. 1, 1945, and May 31, 1949, 20 RFC employees had accepted positions with borrowers. One was a Washington em-



ployee named Merle Young who went with Lustron but since has announced his resignation. Another was Sterling Foster, at that time chief of RFC's loans operations division in Washington, who joined up with Plywoods-Plastics in Hampton, S. C., a company which owes RFC \$2,400,000. Concerning this loan, Gunderson testified:

"My personal opinion was that we should not make a loan to this company prior to the time that we made the last one because I did not think we could keep the fellow who owns practically all the company in line. . . . He is just not a good manager of the property."

Foster since has resigned and gone back to an RFC job in the Charlotte, N. C., loan agency, and a Washington spokesman said that the Plywoods-Plastics case is in "status quo—no more loans are being made."

Senator Fulbright had plenty to say on the matter of RFC employees winding up as high-salaried employees of borrowers. "Is it proper," he asked at one point in discussing the Hagerty case, "for men who have played that sort of part . . . to then immediately turn around within a few days and be appointed to a job paying three times as much?" When Gunderson insisted that RFC could not be influenced in the slightest by ex-employees in borrowers' firms, the senator replied rather angrily: "I think you are subject to influence just like everybody is. I do not see that you can set yourself apart from all other agencies, and that you are above all of the ordinary influences that go on."

The upshot was that the committee brought in a report strongly

admonishing RFC, and the Senate passed a law requiring business organizations to agree, before receiving an RFC loan, not to employ any RFC personnel who conceivably could have been connected with loan activities, for a period of two years after the loan was authorized. The measure still was pending before a House committee when Congress adjourned.

The Waltham and Plywoods-Plastics loans also provoked Fulbright to challenge the wisdom of "salvaging" what he described as economic "weaklings" in times of prosperity. He said:

"To me it is completely wrong when we have a relatively high period of prosperity for you to enter a specific position of preventing local failures and local unemployment. . . .

"We ought to get rid of these weaklings in our economic system in the period of good times . . . you are getting rid of the offal of our economic system."

The philosophy of RFC Chairman Hise is directly opposed to that of Senator Fulbright. "We like—and I think I speak for the majority of the board—to put out the small fires before they get out of hand," he asserted. "We feel we should help struggling corporations that cannot get financial assistance elsewhere—that is—and I stress this qualification—when there is a reasonable assurance we will be repaid. We feel we should be helping the small companies and industries to avoid the wringer before they are put through it."

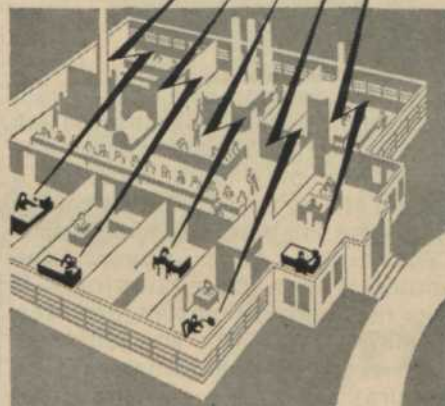
Thus, the stage is set for the next round in the airing of differences between RFC and the men on Capitol Hill. And the men on Capitol Hill hold the purse strings.

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# The Fortune That A Hamster Built

Shipments of the tiny animals go to every state in the Union

**W**HEN Albert F. Marsh of Mobile, Ala., announced four years ago that he was resigning his job as a United States government engineer to play nursemaid to a bunch of tiny rodents called golden hamsters, his friends tapped their heads with their fingers and smiled at each other knowingly. It was no laughing matter, however, to Marsh's wife. She was horrified. "She even had the minister trying to pray me back on the job," Marsh says.

Today his friends somewhat enviously try to calculate his profits as the "Hamster King," while Mrs. Marsh, administrative assistant in her husband's Gulf Hamstery, vows that the adjective "golden" refers to more than the color of the animals. Marsh grosses an average of \$4,000 a week selling golden hamsters to pet fanciers, breeders and medical laboratories throughout the world. And every day business gets better.

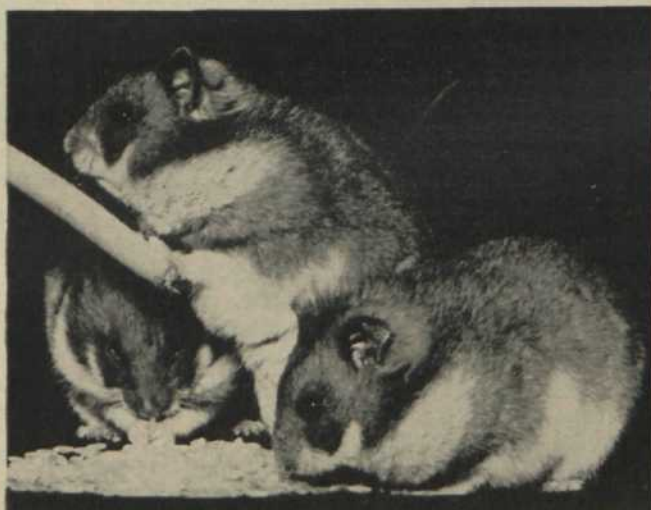
He learned of the existence of golden hamsters in 1945 when an acquaintance, unable to pay him a \$1 debt, gave him one of the animals, a male, instead. Deciding to raise a few as a hobby, Marsh got in touch with a student at Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., where they were being used in medical research. The student sent Marsh another male and three females.

As golden hamsters put guinea pigs and rabbits to shame when it comes to multiplication—mathematically it is possible for a pair to supply its owner with 100,000 descendants in a year—Marsh soon had to move his car from the garage to make room for the stacks of pens he built to house them. At this stage he began to think the little

animals made better pests than pets.

"From my original unit of five hamsters," Marsh says, "I soon had a herd of 100 female breeders and 400 young. Then I decided it was time for them to start earning their keep. During these first few months I found it difficult to retain the young males—they make the best pets—until time to wean them. It seemed that everyone who learned of the strange animals wanted one.

"That gave me the idea of finding an outlet for them in a Mobile pet shop. One day I took a dozen to



Golden hamsters put guinea pigs and rabbits to shame when it comes to multiplying their numbers

the shop and asked the manager to display them in his window. That was at five p.m. The next morning at ten the store was sold out and the manager was calling for more.

"The first week I sold more than 200 through that shop. It wasn't long before they were selling faster than I could raise them, so we rationed them and customers lined up something like they did for nylons during the war."

Before long Marsh was making more money from his hobby than from his job. So he quit engineer-



THIGPEN PHOTOGRAPHY

ing. Had his wife and friends known he had another hobby—studying advertising campaigns—their consternation might have been lessened. Neither did they know that for several years he had been looking for an item which was different, could be mass-produced and sold cheaply.

Working up a number of trial advertisements which he placed in newspapers and magazines, feeding and caring for his golden hamsters, building pens, hauling the animals on a motor bike to the express office for shipment, answering thousands of letters and writing several pamphlets on the animals, Marsh for the first few months of his full-time venture worked 16 hours a day.

"During that time I didn't walk or trot," he said. "I ran. Soon my wife was running, too."

In a short time, the advertising campaign which he launched on a nationwide scale began to take hold. Orders from every state in the Union began multiplying even faster than the hamsters.

By January, 1947, he had more than 3,000 hamsters sold above the number he had to offer. He raised his prices. They now sell for from \$2.50 to \$6 per hamster, depending on sex, age, strain and the use for which they are intended.

Now Marsh has the largest hamstery in the world, and he ships hamsters to each of the 48 states and twice a week makes European shipments. He is trying to develop a strain which will produce fur heavy and strong enough for a woman's coat. —FRANK LEWIS



## The Electric Secretary

**T**HE PERFECT SECRETARY—she doesn't watch the clock, never makes an error, doesn't gripe about long hours and is never the cause of jealousy by the boss's wife—is now rolling off the assembly lines.

This flawless electric secretary may prove a boon to the small business and the professional man. The device is, briefly, a mechanical telephone answerer which takes care of business details while the boss is out to lunch or away for a day or two. It will be of particular help to firms which have no need for a full-time, live secretary.

Countless telephone calls go unanswered every day in offices throughout the country because there's no one around to answer them during the noon hour or after working hours. Business suffers as a result because many sales are lost. But this loss is averted when the robot secretary is on the job.

This is what takes place when the telephone rings in an office equipped with the new gadget.

Electric secretary: "Good afternoon. This is the recorded voice of the electric secretary, answering at Mr. Doe's office. Mr. Doe is not in at the present time. Kindly leave your name, number, and message and I will record it for him. You have 15 seconds to speak. Please begin."

Calling party: "This is Mr. Frank at the Jones Corporation. We are in urgent need of 100 gauges. Call us and advise delivery."

When Doe returns to the office, he merely flips a switch at his desk and the electric secretary pours out all the messages.

The robot is also useful when its owner is on the job. For example, a business man may want to record a certain conversation for reasons of accuracy.

The electric secretary consists of a standard wire recorder and record player, a small desk box on which the telephone is placed, and a series of sensitive relays and automatic switches.

To put the mechanism into operation, it is merely necessary to turn the toggle switch to the "on" position and to place the telephone on the small platform table of the electric secretary. There are no wired connections to the telephone, which can be used normally.

—C. J. PAPARA

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# Ricochet

(Continued from page 46)

traordinary chance, almost as astonishing as my being alive at all, the weapon had been recovered. It had cut through my clothing, twisted, wrenched from the hand holding it, and had worked down inside my jacket to my belt. Captain Smithson had kept the knife and showed it to me. I recognized it. It was a knife the boy had paid seven francs, 50 centimes for at a shop in Nantes before embarking.

"I realized then that my friend had tried to murder me for my money. But Captain Smithson was right, I could not prove anything.

"Then there was something else: Captain Smithson wanted to adopt me legally. I had some scruples, some hesitations, but I did love them both and he and his wife wanted me to stay with them. They found me a berth in a trading firm in Liverpool, in which my father had money invested. My knowledge of French was of some use and I got along quite well. Eight or nine years later, when the war came, I was in a position to be commissioned as a lieutenant, and ended the show as a major. In the business reorganization, I was given this job. So that I really owe that nasty little fellow some thanks.

"But for him, I probably would have returned to France inside a few years, broke, and I'd be making furniture somewhere—unless I had been killed in the war."

"Or you might have become a millionaire in Australia," I protested. "People have done just that, you know."

"And a good many people haven't," he concluded with a slight smile. "I still have that knife somewhere. I sincerely say that I do not hate him; I even understand him. Remember, he was a young boy, he was at sea and he owned a knife. There was a belt full of gold, just as in a pirate romance."

The prosperous trader shrugged: "I dream about that night occasionally. But I'd bet he dreams about it much oftener. A corpse is a heavy weight on one's conscience."

The Frenchman yawned, opened his eyes.

"I say, young fellow," Smithson finished hurriedly. "I wish you wouldn't tell about this. Queer story. Don't tell it much. Don't

know quite why I told it just now, perhaps because we had been to the same school. Few Frenchmen around know I was once French. You understand . . . ?"

"Surely, Mr. Smithson, don't worry," I said.

It was some years later that I met Raoul Jubain in New York. That was in the mid '20's. Many people will remember Raoul, for he operated a speakeasy on the lower West Side. Nothing luxurious, just a comfortable place with excellent food and drink. He was still young then, less than 40, and an attractive fellow, topping six feet, wide without heaviness, clean features, blond hair and clear blue eyes. He spoke a half dozen languages, sang, played the piano, the accordion, the clarinet.

He was so urbane, so polished, that belligerent patrons always were astonished to land on the sidewalk. But Raoul was no mere mauler of sots. I saw him one night when there was a row in the kitchen between temperamental cooks, one a Marseillais, the other a Catalan. He waded in, knocked one man down with a cuff, took a knife away from the other—all with an impressive economy of words, emotion and even gestures.

With passing years, Raoul and I became good friends. He would invite me into a private room when he entertained friends from the boats in port, the chaps who supplied him with fine wines and liqueurs, with table delicacies from France and Italy.

We have witnessed in modern business the submergence of the individual within the organization, and yet the increase to an extraordinary degree of the power of the individual. . . .

—Woodrow Wilson

Those were splendid evenings for all of us. We ate, drank and swapped yarns. There was much exaggeration, of course, but not much outright lying, because the circle included critical listeners, men who had been around a bit.

Raoul went "legitimate" after a while, had a restaurant, then a small night club out of town, complete with floor show. Then he gave that up, too, and went into imports and exports.

Not very long ago, he got married, to a pretty girl 30 years younger, more or less. Raoul bought her a house in the suburbs, a car of her own and so on. He

changed rapidly afterward, was conscious of his thinning hair, of the blurring lines of his chin and cheeks, of his middle pushing hard against the expensive double-breasted jacket. He was achieving respectability, and it was somehow shocking in him.

Then came the evening when he invited me to his town apartment. He had gathered a dozen or so men whom I knew, mostly from the ships. While Frenchmen usually do not sing harmoniously in chorus, they do sing when their elation attains a certain ceiling. After a while Raoul took me aside, nodded slightly toward his pals, and made a little wry grimace. "You see why I cannot invite them to my place in the country?" he said. "Can you imagine my wife listening to that?"

"She doesn't understand French," I reminded him.

"But I do," he announced piously. "And if I tried to suggest that they behave like—you know, they'd be sore or laugh at me." An odd expression settled on his softening mask, somewhat like a simpering leer, as he handed me a cigar: "I'm passing them out, but you're the only one I'll tell, because I don't want coarse kidding. I'm a father. Little girl, seven pounds one ounce."

I gripped his hand and offered congratulations.

He seemed impressed by fatherhood as if he had been 25. In the normal man his age, with a peaceful background, his emotion and awe would have been touching. I remembered sundry boastful stories he had told, and this balding pirate was revealing an indecent hypocrisy.

I grew irritated, perhaps because I had had several drinks, perhaps through some undefined jealousy.

"You must come and see us very soon," he added warmly.

"I am acceptable?"

"You're kidding!" He patted my shoulder fondly, then replied, "You know, we're getting old, and it's time we became a little serious. I tell you, having a daughter makes you think of the future. And the importance of a home, of parents devoted to each other. My own home was so bad that I ran away. Oh, I got money, medical care, everything except a genuine interest, love. That's what a child needs, love. . . ."

"Some do and some don't," I grumbled.

"You're cynical," he chided me. "I had a lonely boyhood. I mistrusted people." Raoul sighed and



once again: "I made one friend, a real friend. He was lonely, too, an orphan. And do you know what happened to him?"

"He stole your dough and eloped with your best girl?"

"Don't kid, old man. He was lost at sea. Washed off a yardarm, 60 feet above deck, in a storm off Cape Horn. He left some money with me. I was young and I spent it. That money keeps worrying me."

Some mechanism had been set off in my brain. It was like little plungers popping into the proper sockets: Cape Horn, a storm, money, where had I heard all that?

"His people were not rich," he continued: "Think how miraculous it would be for someone to receive money out of the blue, with a note. 'This money belongs to you. I invested it at compound interest in Australia, years ago.' Something like that! Say I made it a round sum, 150,000 francs. If there was a young daughter, it would be a dowry. Think it would be a good idea?"

The last little plunger had clicked into place. And I understood why Raoul was thinking about his friend. Smithson had figured he would be burdened by it sooner or later.

"It might ease your conscience," I admitted.

"Yes, I never felt quite right about using that money."

I decided that I would present him with the information he was not what he thought. But he had turned smug and snobbish and I felt entitled to a little sport.

"What did you get for those 100 franc pieces, Raoul?"

"Let me see . . . not quite four pounds sterling. I believe it was three pounds, 18 shillings and a few pence."

"Still, 25 of them made a nice sock, eh?"

"Oh yes," he chuckled. "I stopped at the best hotel in—"

He broke off, walked to a small table nearby and put down his glass. He returned to face me and looked at me hard.

"When did I tell you about how much money there was—and about 100 franc coins, old man?"

"Never," I replied, looking as satanic as I could. "Never."

"Then how . . . how . . .?"

"I get spells when I see things," I assured him. I thought he might strike me, but I was not worried. Raoul was not what he had been and there were enough people about to haul him off in time. I sipped at my drink.

"Is that so?" he insisted.

"Yes."

I could see that his mind was working desperately, thoughts darting about like frightened rats. He knew that I was ten years younger than he, that I must have been four years old when the thing had happened, and he was positive that if there had been a four-year-old boy on that foot-rope he would have noticed him!

He laughed at last, patted my shoulder again.

"Wonderful! What else do you see about those gold coins?"

"They were in a leather belt, weighed around two pounds—"

"Kidder! What else?"

"It was a pretty good return on your original investment."

"My investment? What investment?"

"That seven-franc 50 knife you bought in Nantes."

He did not move for a whole second. He looked like a man who, having broken a tooth on an olive pit, hesitates to open his mouth and confirm the mishap.

Then he turned away, picked up his glass and joined the others.

Several times, I tried to take him aside. I wanted to tell him the truth, for the joke had gone far enough. I felt he would bear me no grudge when I told him he did not have a corpse on his conscience, as Smithson had put it.

But he dodged me, would not talk to me. I would feel his glance on me, turn around, and his red-rimmed eyes would swivel away. Then he left and one of the party announced that our host had excused himself. We were to stay and eat and drink as long as we liked.

I telephoned his country house the next day.

The housekeeper told me that madame was still confined to her room and that Monsieur Raoul had had a stroke, or a heart attack, soon after returning home at five in the morning. I went to see him, but I never managed to be alone with him. He was polite on the surface, but I could see he no longer liked me.

I thought of writing him. But even giving an account unintelligible to others, the news might well give him another severe shock. Moreover, a detail embarrassed me. I had never learned Smithson's original, French name.

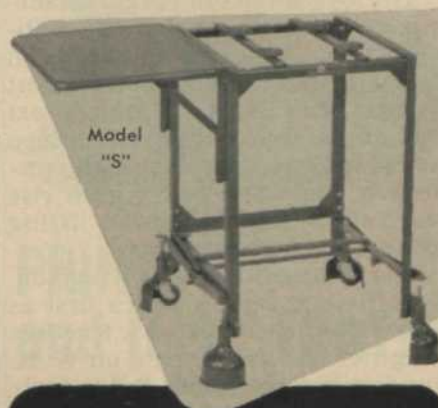
Raoul recovered to some extent, but he has lost the last appearance of youth and strength. I run into him from time to time, a thin, tall old man. He avoids talking to me unless there are people about, he is obviously afraid of me.

Raoul does not believe it was a coincidence.

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# I Take a Berth Aboard a Tanker

(Continued from page 52)

smear against the horizon never relieved by the glow of a hand-cupped cigarette.

The ship loved her cargo. Underway the great, inert mass of it absorbed every quiver of vibration from the shaft and the power plant so that forward the *Logan's Port* was so still that waking from sleep it was hard to believe she was underway. Only the heavy even rise and fall of the Gulf swell lifting her swayed her curtains.

The skipper lives near Kingston, N. Y. He had seen America first as a boy from the deck of a Swedish freighter. He was a mate on W. K. Vanderbilt's last yacht in his early days and later was with Pritchard Sloan. Then he went into trade and worked up to command. The *Logan's Port* was waiting for him two years ago in Jacksonville, Fla., dirty and neglected. He was ordered into her and he hated her. But it was a shotgun marriage that mellowed. They are very fond of each other now and she, grateful as a woman should be with her life straightened out by a man, is meek and true to him. She is, he says, the finest maneuvering vessel he has ever worked sternward in a tide-way.

On the table of his luxurious suite under the bridge is a long-carriage typewriter. He groans sitting before it. Paperwork with income tax forms and old age security bookkeeping and the interminable crew lists going coastwise one voyage and foreign the next, make up a tanker skipper's biggest task today. Plenty of patience, a sharp eraser, a well oiled typewriter and a crack first mate are what a modern master needs to make a neat, smart voyage today.

Dick Bridgeo from Marblehead was our first mate. You could put him in a book with just that for a title: "The Mate from Marblehead" and not go wrong. He is a keen redhead, 26 years old; soft spoken and sure with his crew, as fast as a cat up and down a ladder, in love with the sea. Command, that rare salt that mothers on the Massachusetts coast around Marblehead instill in their sons, is latent in him. He will have his own tanker when his time comes and she will be a good one.

He shook his head at the Gulf of Mexico. Midwife, if not the step-mother of the most dependable

ocean current in the world—the Gulf Stream. The Gulf herself is the dismay of navigators. There are currents that hold back a ship and others that will set her ahead or push her off to the westward if they are not drawing her in easterly. And they never seem to be in the same place.

"A Yankee trade, the Big Hot Bay is giving us this time," he said on our second noon. "A knot on our speed but the current is setting us southwest at the same time."

"Sparks," our radio operator, was another New Englander. He hails from Mt. Vernon, an inland town far up the Kennebec valley in Maine. "Kenneth B. Mooers, aged 52, 30 years at sea," his sign-on card read. A lean, droll Down-Mainer slouching in his swivel chair with both white sock heels cocked up out of his unlaced black oxfords, he played his typewriter keeping his log like an improvising pianist. He has kept radio log all over the world. Maine and the sea are rivals for his heart. A bachelor, he owns his ancestral home, a rambling nine-window front with the house proper made of brick. A snapshot showed it sitting up four square on its granite underpinning with a lilac and a pair of huge marriage elms in the front yard. He wanders back to it in garden planting time and stays until the sea calls him down the valley again.

We had 40 hands all told, officers and men on the full list. They were all tankermen who had chosen the ever-under-way, no-time-in-port, grab-a-quick-drink-and-run life

of an oil carrier. They were made that way or they liked a clean, disciplined ship or because it was a way to save money. With 12 hour loading schedules and less than that discharging, then off with the dock lines and out to sea again, the waterfront belles waste few smiles on tankermen. They are men with little time to spare.

Like most tanker crews they were shipped in New York but they made up a cross section of the country. On deck there were five men from Massachusetts and then the list included Ohio, California, North Carolina, Missouri, Michigan, Alabama, Maryland and Florida. In the engine room there were four from Pennsylvania, but Tennessee was there as were New Jersey and Mississippi. And their names were a cross section of America, too: Irvine, Redmond, Cheshire, Kosinski, Jones, Staviki, Sato, Hepburn, Basoa.

But the best hand of us all was the gyro-steerer standing short and squat beside the big hand-wheel on the bridge. He had a degree dial in a polished brass case for a head and wore a thick arc of magnifying glass for a monocle. A robot of man's inspired creation, a thing of magnets and whirling wheels inside a black and brown enameled hide, he was a lad you could trust on watch. How he could steer! Dick Bridgeo checked him every noon. He did it with the aid of morning stars and the sun and a small sharp-pointed pencil that drew a neat little cross to show where we were on the chart. He came over and patted gyro in appreciation.

"If we could just teach him to have a cup of coffee with us now—" he said.

We came down the long traverse





across the Gulf with the norther cooling our stern. The first day's run with the previous day's hour and a half between departure and noon figured in, gave us 389 miles and the second 332. That was a short day because we changed the clocks from central to eastern time out there in mid-Gulf where time did not seem to matter that much. The Gulf is lonely water. In all the vast expanse of it we saw one ship. She was to haunt us like a ghost. She was a sister tanker out of Port Arthur that had come out ahead of us. But we were running very close to the same speed and whenever you would look out over the bow there she was, a white afterhouse with its smear of smoke.

In a pearl gray dawn we turned the corner around Dry Tortugas and the sparkling morning found us in the Stream. Florida was an opal cloud on the northern horizon but we could see the gaunt towers of the key lights.

The glass held steady and the same norther that had blown us along now tried to slap us back as we swung the big arc around Florida and followed the Stream for the three fabulous capes: Fear, Lookout and Hatteras. Our companion out of the Gulf, the tanker from Port Arthur, was ahead of us still.

AT ONE o'clock on the morning of our fifth day it was too beautiful to sleep. The bridge was a dark place with only the little frosted light on the gyro's dial and the gleam of it on his brass head. The second mate's cigarette was two red eyes as it reflected on the starboard porthole glass where he leaned, conning ahead. The wind was gone. You could hear the hiss of our bow wave as our 16,000 odd tons drove steadily ahead. Steady! That was the song of this voyage. Steady as she goes! From the beginning we had not wasted a moment, or a mile, or revolution of our shaft or a drop of our oil. On our forestay the polestar hung as if it were a lantern lashed there, steady there. I said what was in my thoughts to the silent mate.

"This," I said, "is the steadiest ship I have ever been in."

"Barometer's started down," he said.

Out on the starboard bridge wing the bridge watch, with gyro standing his wheel, was yearning at the stars.

"Going home?" I said.

"New York is home," he said. "The first time in three months."

"Anybody there?"

"Plenty! My gal—my wife."

Out of deference I left him with prone Orion on our starboard beam and his thoughts. Maybe he knew the little sad truth a wanderer learns and wanted to be alone with his dreams. That truth says that now, this moment, is the most beautiful time with the yearning narrowing down. The getting home with home all about and reality all about, no matter how perfect, cannot be as perfect as a dream. But he was very young.

FAINTLY from aft there came a whiff of the stack, just a faint acrid smell of our fires. It meant a shift of wind. Inside the bridge the second mate's flashlight winked and held and I could hear his finger tapping the barometer. Maybe not so steady. Maybe we were going to get a dusting off Hatteras. We would be there at daybreak.

Daybreak brought in 40 miles of smoky southwester and a day as fair and blazing bright as a clanging brass bell. It was a valiant, beautiful, sweeping wind with gusts that blew the tops off the seas and made rainbows out of them.

Our companion tanker was astern now. We had passed her in the night while we'd made our best speed: 16.71 knots. We were making it still. Our decks were green with solid water. There was a heave and a slow, powerful shouldering pitch to our ship. She was humming to herself like some swaying bovine thing, swaying half asleep. But up on the bridge the little gyro was clucking like a mad hen. A big sea under the stern and a yaw beginning and "Now! Now! None of that!" the gyro would cluck, "Back here! Come back here! Steady as she goes, my bucko." And steady it was. The noon position proved it.

Home—the voyage's end—by nine on the morrow was what the skipper promised. Which was the way it was. He was three minutes late with Bridgeo holding a plastic triangle off the chart table against the starboard bridge window and sighting along its straight edge to catch the red hull of Ambrose light ship when it was exactly abeam. Beyond, the shore line of Coney Island stretched yellow and cold in the bitter morning and beyond that the great towers of Manhattan, opal and heliotrope. . . . And waiting were all the little houses with their faithful little thermostats.

"Well," I said to the skipper, "what's the final word?"

"The same as it always is," he said. "Just—here's your oil."

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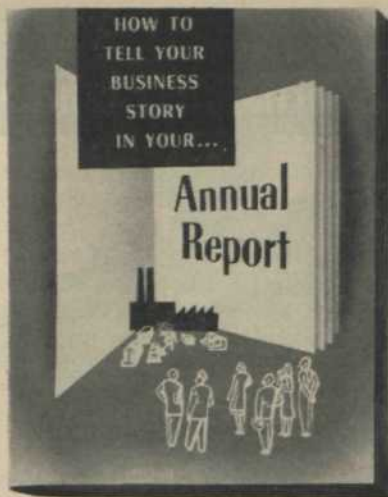
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## Every Patient Has His Day

(Continued from page 37)

in treatment, with consequent pain and injury, was the result of a wrong diagnosis.

The committee had two points to decide. First, did the doctor exercise reasonable diligence to find the trouble? Second, did the delay in diagnosis result in permanent ill effects? The answer to the second question was negative on the basis of the facts at hand. In answering the first question affirmatively, the committee had recourse to an established principle that the same knowledge of a given problem is not to be expected of a general practitioner as of a specialist.

Something had been overlooked but the judgment of the committee was that it did not constitute malpractice.

Above all else, the use of white-wash is scrupulously avoided by the committee. The causes of professional lapses are sought, in order to prevent their recurrence. Complete candor is the aim in every case.

While suturing an abdominal incision a surgeon had the misfortune to break off a needle and lose it inside the wound. After probing as long as he dared, the incision was closed without recovering the needle. Naturally he was reluctant to tell the patient because of the bad effect it might have at the time. When the patient was ready to be discharged, the surgeon still procrastinated. Perhaps, after all,

there would be no compulsion to make such an embarrassing admission.

But the incident preyed on the surgeon's mind until he decided to put it up to the medical protective committee. Its recommendation was prompt and unqualified. "You have no right to withhold such information from the one person in all the world most interested in and affected by it. Go and tell him at once."

This advice was followed, with great relief to the surgeon's mind. With the patient's consent the old incision was opened and the needle removed. This sort of slip is not regarded as malpractice by the courts, but no one wants to see it happen.

The association also has a Bureau of Medical Economics which, in addition to acting as an arbiter between doctor and "part pay" patients, maintains a collection agency for members. According to Waterson, from one fourth to one third of all adults have at one time or another been hounded for delinquent doctors' bills by commercial collection agencies. These concerns usually are interested in one thing—getting the money from the highest possible proportion of debtors in order to earn their commissions. But when the doctors' own organization does the collecting, it is equally interested in the public relations angle. Some of the debtors have failed to pay because of sincere grievances. In such cases





there is an obligation to satisfy the grievance or explain convincingly that it is not justified.

The same things that cause people to kick against the doctor when his bill is presented cause malpractice charges to be filed. And a malpractice case, says Waterson, is just bad public relations gone to court.

What stands out about the Alameda program is that a profes-

sional organization has set up self-regulatory machinery, not primarily to defend the doctors, but to protect patients and assure them their rights. The injured patient has a place to take his grievance without going to court. The collectivists have been saying that it's socialized medicine in this country or else. The doctors of Alameda County have provided one "or else" alternative.

## We Don't See Our Kids in the Woodshed

(Continued from page 49)  
all these people have been found among our own members! Here was a rich fund of knowledge waiting to be used; the kind available, no doubt, to many communities.

6. The P.-T.A. has for years been awarding an annual scholarship of \$300 to a member of the graduating class. Recognizing the needs of the modern college student, we called several business men into a ways and means committee—with the result that henceforth the organization will offer a \$600 scholarship.

7. Through its parent advisory committees, the P.-T.A. is called into frequent conference by both the high school principal and the superintendent of schools. By appointing specially equipped people to such committees, we have been able to solve problems of school transportation, recreation, adult education, curriculum changes and a number of others.

"But what about your meetings?" newcomers have asked me. "Are they interesting enough to appeal to the tired father? Will they drag a busy man out of the house when he'd prefer to rest at home?"

The answer is this: *our meetings are planned by busy men.* Of the five people on the program committee, three are men. One is the editorial director of a national magazine with a circulation of more than 2,500,000. The second is a professor of English at the College of the City of New York. The third is a program director for the National Broadcasting Company . . . all fairly busy people.

They have one cardinal rule for programs: every meeting must be directly concerned with matters of education. In our particular case we waste no evenings on subjects which would *not* attract a number of busy fathers. Thus our last few

meetings, taken as examples, have brought speakers of national reputation to discuss such issues as the current difficulty of getting into college and what the high school student can do to further his chances; the choice of careers, and what the opportunities in the leading professions may be; sex education in the high school; help to "backward" students; new and progressive educational methods adopted by other communities.

All these discussions have been revealing. They offer an accurate measure of P.-T.A. thinking. They are worth, it seems to me, an evening of any man's time.

Of course, apart from its satisfactions, the presidency of such a group has its irritations, too; plenty of them.

For instance, I don't like to have an excited mother telephone me at 11:30 p.m. to demand, "Can't the parents of this town do something to make kid parties end at a reasonable hour?" I don't like to have an irate father buttonhole me on the street and exclaim, "What's the matter with the teachers in that school, anyway? They've flunked my kid in four subjects!"

P.-T.A., I have to tell these good people, has no intention of assuming the family obligations of parents, any more than it can assume the duties of teachers. Those remain unchanged.

But the satisfactions of a P.-T.A. presidency far outweigh its little irritations. And having enlisted many a hard-pressed business man to lend his wisdom and his energy to some problem of education, I have learned a gratifying lesson.

If you want to evoke the best in your busy neighbor, if you want to measure his capabilities as an executive, just give him a chance to do something constructive for his kids. . . . He'll surprise you every time. And invariably he winds up a happier man.

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# By My Way

By R. L. DUFFUS



## February and its holidays

FEBRUARY is, and ought to be, the shortest month—at least in the northerly portions of the United States. It sometimes seems longer because of the weather and the general feeling that winter is probably never going to end. I think it is a wise dispensation, therefore, that has equipped the month so generously with holidays—Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday. A few more holidays might help, of course. We might, for example, celebrate the birthday of the man who invented central heating, the man who perfected the overcoat, the man who discovered the rubber or galosh, and so on. And we might have a day of mourning on the supposed birthday of the individual who introduced the common cold.

## When the wife's away

MY WIFE was away for a week or so and I cooked a few meals (not too many, for my friends and neighbors took pity on me) for myself. I am a fairly good cook, though out of practice. But I do believe that no man, left all by himself in a house, can cook without violating most of the rules that women hold sacred. I am as likely as not to have canned corn for breakfast and eggs for dinner. If the main part of the meal is slow in getting ready (with me it usually is) I eat the dessert first. I eat things out of the dishes in which I cook them; this is to save washing dishes but it horrifies women. I read a book while I breakfast or dine; this is wrong, because a person shouldn't try to do two things at once. I eat crackers instead of bothering to make toast.

But I don't leave piles of unwashed dishes all over the kitchen. I am not in that respect the lonesome husband of the ancient jokes. I wash a dish just as soon as I have finished what was on it. This makes my self-prepared meals

jumpy but it leaves a clear pathway between the living room and the kitchen door.

There is variety, adventure and uncertainty in this sort of life. One can eat the wrong things, break all the rules, leave his bed made or unmade. But the melancholy thing about being alone in a house is that when one returns at night everything is exactly the same as it was when he left in the morning. Except the hands of the clock, and clocks in empty houses tick too loudly.

Being alone for a while is perhaps the best way to value company. I felt like a child out of school when my cooking and housekeeping ended and there was again a woman in my Garden of Eden.

## Youth wins at last

THE DEPARTMENT of Agriculture has found out that we eat 15 times as much ice cream apiece as we did in 1909 but not much more than half as many potatoes. So it appears that the boy who was told that he couldn't have his ice cream unless he ate his potatoes has finally won out.

## Ye olde coal stove

THE ART and science of heating houses has certainly made progress since the matter was first drawn to my attention. I can raise or lower the temperature in my own home by adjusting a thermostat. Of course it is also necessary to order fuel and pay for the same. I recall a house in Williamstown, Vt., which was heated, so to speak, by coal stoves. Such a system as this (I am not speaking of improved modern species of stove) produced a morning climate about like that of Labrador. As the day went on we moved into more southerly climates; by noon we were in the latitude of North Carolina and by evening in Florida. Our sitting room was cheery indeed after supper. The stove which achieved this was a pot-

bellied affair. On the front was a tasteful molding of three figures hovering around an open fire. They looked to me warm in front but pretty cold behind. Underneath the molding were the words, "En hiver." I never did learn what this meant until I went to high school and studied French. The time came too early every night when I had to leave this delightful tropical retreat and go north; and next morning we found ourselves, as we rolled reluctantly out of bed, back in Labrador.

## Economic aspects of snow

I SUPPOSE the demand for snow is one of the most flexible things in the entire economic world. The same person—me, for instance—may have two irreconcilable attitudes toward it. I like to look at it, and therefore welcome snowstorms; I dislike to shovel it, and therefore abhor snowstorms. When I was 12 years old I loved to wallow in it; now I don't. Proprietors of winter resorts pray for it, and so do their prospective patrons. Manufacturers of tire chains find it profitable. Truckers and others who travel the highways on business are delayed and find it unprofitable.

But I don't believe these attitudes make any real difference in the total snowfall. We don't get the amount of snow we order.

We get what Nature thinks we should have—or what she thinks it fun to bestow upon us.



## Fun, old style, new style

THEN, too, one reason why snow was good in the old days was that a boy could slide downhill in it; and, which was sometimes even more fun, he could hitch his little sled behind a sleigh when the driver wasn't looking, and get a free ride. If the horse really felt full of ginger the ride might be exciting and the boy had the happy knowledge that he might slew off the road and maybe break a leg and be a hero. Boys today cannot do this, because there aren't many sleighs—cutters, as we used to call them—left. And no boy who has anything but sawdust inside his



little head would hitch on behind an automobile.

But though the forms a boy's amusements take have changed I am sure boys continue to be amused. Up in Vermont they are said to take to skis at the age of five or thereabouts, and from then on if they don't achieve a few bruises and contusions it's their own fault.

### "Main Street" charms

WE CAN'T all live in small towns—indeed, they wouldn't be small if we did—but I think we all lose something if we don't keep in touch with the small-town spirit. I have been visiting in an Ohio community which is on the verge of being made into a city but hasn't taken 'on any city ways. What I liked best about this community was that strangers spoke to me as I strolled about its streets. They seemed to take it for granted that if they didn't know a person they encountered they ought to. We didn't converse about profound subjects. Mainly we exchanged opinions about the weather, which was either bad but on the point of improving, or good but on the point of getting worse. What we really were exchanging, of course, was good will. In a small town one has to feel good will and express it, for even if he is purely selfish he may some day need his neighbor's good will. Maybe there was a bit of gossip and scandal in my Ohio town, but I would take for granted, if I lived there, that if I got into real trouble there would be someone to lend a helping hand. "Main Street," as Sinclair Lewis christened it many years ago, has its points.



### Re-reading Mark Twain

I HAVE been re-reading for the tenth or maybe the twentieth time Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." It is a deep pleasure to escape for a while from the world of the atom, the cold war, the cold weather, the common cold and other annoying realities to the tranquil river world that existed prior to the year 1861. Mark Twain's famous description of how he "learned the river" may appall



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modern readers who have weak memories, but what fun it must have been to stand at the wheel of a great steamer and work her around a shoal or over a bar or through a new cut-off! In retrospect the river world 90 years ago or more seems enchanted.

I cling to this enchantment, though I know that to some extent it was an illusion. One reads and re-reads books of this sort for the very purpose of creating illusions. Of course the river wasn't always tranquil. Sometimes a pilot and most of the crew and passengers would go up to glory on top of several boilers and a cloud of live steam. But it was all so long ago. I am willing to take the risk of another voyage with Mark Twain at the wheel.



## Fair play for film Indian

THE AMERICAN Indian has not had a square deal in the movies. So thinks the Association on American Indian Affairs, which has organized a National Film Committee to deal with the situation. The Indian is always attacking stage coaches and getting shot instead of rich. He is always being pursued by the United States Cavalry. He is always being outwitted by hunters, trappers and cowboys. If we are going to change all this there will be problems. Would it be patriotic, for instance, to have a tribe of Indians arrive just in time to beat the United States Cavalry and rescue an Indian maiden who had been carried off by a top sergeant? A former private might think so, but I wonder. However, I am all for treating the Indian as what he is—an American of much older stock than that which came over on the Mayflower. We immigrants gave him a hard time and justice should be done, in the movies and elsewhere.

## The movie arena

WHEN I see several hundred people standing in line at ten in the morning to get into a movie I am sure there has been progress since the days of the decadent Roman Empire. When the ancient Romans hadn't anything else to do they

went out to the colosseum and watched the lions eat somebody. When a modern American finds himself in the same predicament he goes to a movie and watches somebody pretend to shoot somebody. And he has the satisfaction of knowing that the party who seems to get shot really isn't shot, because motion picture actors are valuable properties and the industry can't afford to shoot one every time it makes a picture.

## Concerning vacations

I HAVE been reading about winter vacations, of which there seem to be quite a few. I take winter vacations myself, but not in the usual way. I take vacations in winter by thinking about the vacations I am going to take in the spring. No sooner are my wife and I thoroughly rested from the last time we had off than we begin to get up steam for the next time off. When the date of departure is several months away this is as pleasant a game as one can invent. Choices are still open. Maybe we will go on a cruise—maybe to the Caribbean, maybe to somewhere else. Maybe we will visit Britain—I have several folders to prove that we were invited. Maybe we will take an automobile tour, and if so where will we go? Maybe we will go down the Mississippi. Maybe we will go to Florida, which they say is inhabitable and inhabited even after the winter rush is over. But we don't have to pack yet. And that is a real vacation—at least for my wife.

## A vanishing American

WHAT HAS become of the old-fashioned man who used to wear red flannel underwear all summer on the theory that what kept the cold out in winter would keep the heat out in July and August? And, indeed, what has become of red flannel underwear? I don't see any in the stores any more.

## From a Pullman window

I HAVE flown over the United States, or parts of it, and I have driven around it a little, and in this way I have felt its vast pulse. It is quite a country, and I hope no one will argue otherwise. But I think I have sensed its beauty most when I looked out of the window of a Pullman car late at night: the stars brilliant overhead, the dark landscape sliding softly by and an occasional red switch or signal light to show that men were at work guarding this swift proces-

sion toward the dawn. The great plains and the lofty mountain passes, where so many pioneers struggled and suffered in days gone by, are conquered now, but they are still majestic. . . . And then, being a sworn enemy of early rising, I turn and go to sleep again.

## Back to the yards

THE MENTION of Pullman cars reminds me that some day I am going to find out what happens to passengers who are not up and dressed when the car is hauled out of the station into the yards, at the end of the run. I imagine they just disappear and are never heard of again, but this doesn't answer the question. Does the Pullman Company or the railroad maintain a sort of home for them in back of the yards somewhere, where they receive plain but wholesome food in return for cleaning out cars? Or does something more sinister happen? I am going to refuse to get up some morning, on a Pullman at a terminal, and find out.

## We visit our grandson

MY WIFE and I have been out to Ohio to visit our grandson—and of course his parents, too. Butch has red hair, blue eyes and what seems to us a good disposition. At the age of 15 months he could say a few words and understand many more; he could walk, as it seemed to me, several miles a day, a little of this out of doors but most of it indoors; and he could eat nearly everything that the grown folks did, and faster. When Butch smiles his eyes crinkle up. He has his little jokes. If, for instance, you ask him for something he will bring it to you and then pull it away again before you can grab it; we don't know whether this is the Scotch in him or not. He can imitate a dog or a cow. He can turn the radio on, open and shut a door and operate a telephone dial—though he rarely gets the right number. He has an aversion to hats, and will pull them off other people as fast as they can put them on. He likes shoes, slippers and rubbers and is always carrying them around and leaving them where their owners can't find them. We think he is good, beautiful and bright, and is sure to become rich, famous or both.

But if I say Butch is the most remarkable little boy now living I shall get into trouble. Other grandparents will rise to state that Butch is nothing compared with the little boys they are related to. I really have no way of proving



that Butch is important. He just happens to be important to us. And I don't believe we would be unhappy if we were convinced there were many others as good and gifted as we think he is. We would then know that the human race is improving and that the outlook for the coming generation is favorable.

Just the same—but, as I said, I can't prove it.



## The presidential bath

I SEE by the papers that the White House, now being remodeled, did not have bathtubs until 1875. This does not mean that our Presidents prior to that date could not take baths. They probably did what we used to do in Vermont—they borrowed the wash tub or something similar, had it filled with hot water and put by the kitchen stove and had a good soak. But I find it difficult to picture this, and to the extent that I succeed I have to revise my notions of history. A President could not be immortalized in paint or stone while taking a bath in a tub beside the kitchen stove—not even if he wore a bathing suit. And yet some Presidents could stand almost as much informality. John Hay, who loved and revered Abraham Lincoln, told of seeing him wandering around the mansion at night clad only in a somewhat abbreviated nightgown. Even then the great, tall, sad man, mourning the dead of two armies, had dignity.

## The black tie

I LIKE the patient crusader who is always predicting, in the men's fashion notes in the front of my theater program, that there will be a return to more formal dress. He said this after World War I and he has been saying it since the end of World War II. He makes no progress at all, because if you don't watch the average man he will go out in the evening in the same pants in which he has been cleaning out the garage, an old golfing coat with the elbows practically gone and no tie—let alone a white tie. The man's wife will wear a silk dress cut low in front, with rhinestones across the bias and a bustle

or hoop skirts or whatever is in style, and a mink coat if she can get it. She likes to dress up; he doesn't. In time he may learn to like it, after perpetual peace has been assured, the climate has been arranged to suit everybody and nobody ever forgets to mail a letter. Yes, I think he will.

## Epoch of derby hats

I WAS wondering what had become of the old-fashioned derby when I saw one. It took me back to my high school days, when I suddenly grew up and got long pants and a hard hat and felt a lot more sophisticated than I do now. Later I accidentally sat on that hat but it had served its purpose; it had, for me, marked an epoch.

## Too many comets?

SOME astronomer has just discovered a new comet. Astronomers are always finding new comets these days. When I was a young man people were satisfied with the comets they had. Now they want more. The result is we are getting a celestial traffic and parking problem that may before long be out of hand. I suggest we slow down a little. Maybe we could allow the astronomers replacements when a comet wears out or blows up—an old, cranky, slow-moving comet is dangerous, anyhow—but we don't have to license any actual additions to the present supply.

## Scented literature

WHEN a reader picks up *Natural History*, the house organ of the New York Museum of Natural History, he will find that it smells these days like a pine forest. The International Printing Ink division of Interchemical Corporation worked out the formula, which was judged to be suitable for a wholesomely out-of-door magazine. All sorts of possibilities immediately suggest themselves. The smell of new-mown hay, for example. The smell of seaweed on a lonesome shore. The sweet scent of magnolia blossoms for an old-fashioned Southern romance. The perfume of orchids for a sophisticated urban novel. The odor of a smoke-filled room for a magazine or book purporting to give the real low-down about politics. The smell of gasoline exhausts for a hefty tome on the traffic problem. In time a reader visiting a news counter or a book store wouldn't even have to examine the titles—he could follow his nose.

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